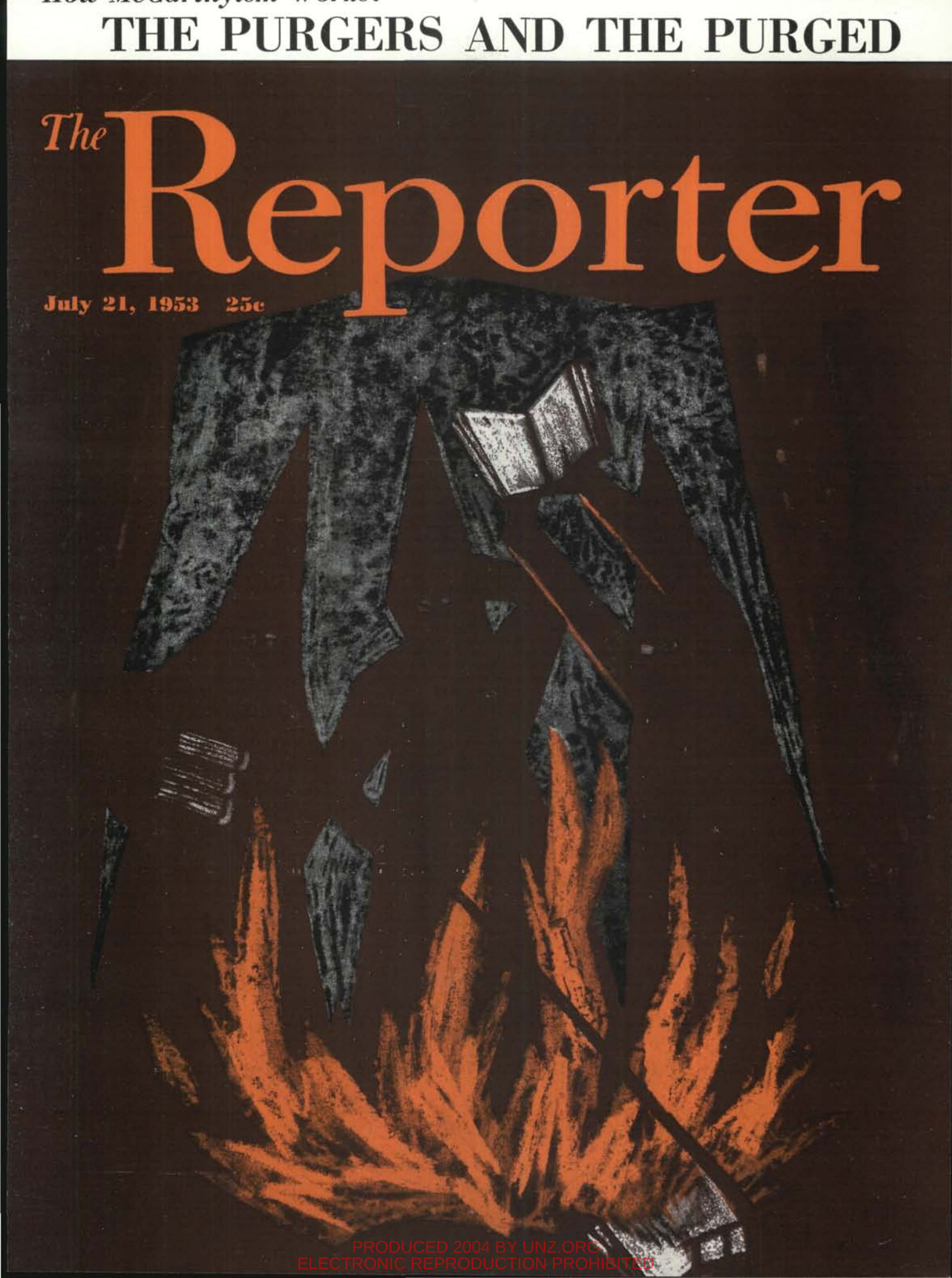
THE PURGERS AND THE PURGED

The Reporter

July 21, 1953 25c



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Fought Three Days and Nights

Lieutenant Colonel
Raymond G. Davis, USMC
Medal of Honor

COLD, BATTLE-WEARY, fighting for every mile of wintry road, the Marines were re-deploying toward Hungnam. A rifle company was guarding a mountain pass vital to the withdrawal of two regiments. The company became surrounded. If help didn't come, 6,000 men were lost.

Into this situation, Lieutenant Colonel Davis boldly led his Marine battalion. Over eight miles of heavily defended icy trail they attacked, and across three ridges deep in snow.

They fought three days and nights, often hand-to-hand.

But finally Colonel Davis reached and freed the company. He opened the pass and held it till the two regiments got by. Then, fighting through the last of the enemy and carrying his wounded with him, he led his own gallant battalion into safety.

"Korea and World War II have taught me," says Colonel Davis, "that courage is common to *all* armies; it's the *better equipped* side that has the edge. You're giving *our* men that edge every time you invest in a United States Defense Bond. For Bonds, which are personal savings for you, are also muscle for America's economy. Helping produce *more* and *better* combat equipment to protect the brave men who are protecting us all."

Peace is for the strong!
For peace *and prosperity* save with
U. S. Defense Bonds!

Now E Bonds pay 3%! Now, improved Series E Bonds start paying interest after 6 months. And average 3% interest, compounded semiannually when held to maturity! Also, all *maturing* E Bonds automatically *go on* earning—at the new rate—for 10 *more* years. Today, start investing in Series E Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan at work. Remember, 8 million fellow Americans find it a wonderfully easy way to save. Or ask your banker about the convenient Bond-A-Month Plan.

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

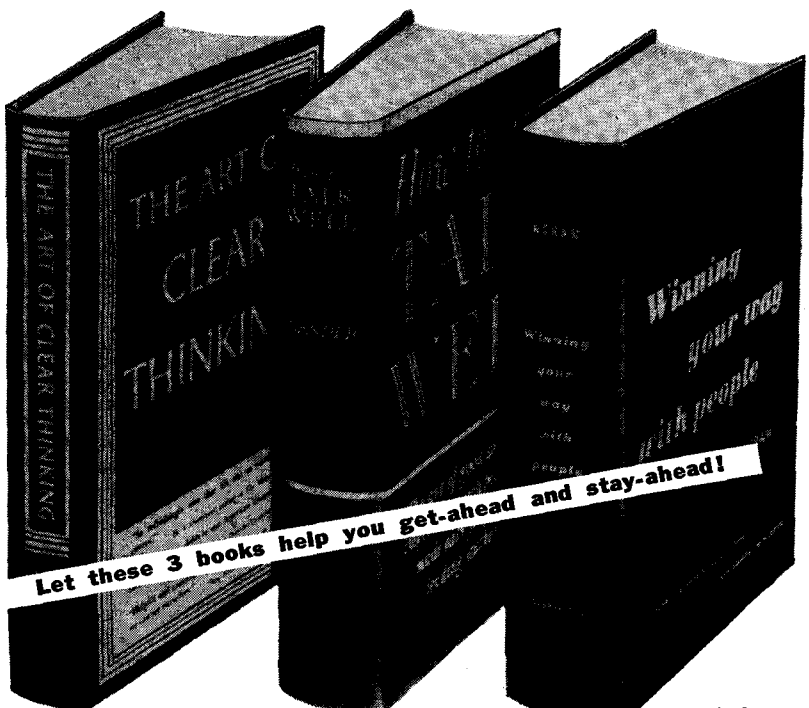
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All 3 FOR ONLY $1

NOW! To readers of this magazine—the most generous offer in the entire history of Executive Books

Let us rush you all 3 of these business-success books for only $1

and FREE membership in Executive Books



Pub. at $2.75 | Pub. at $4.00 | Pub. at $4.00

Famous author of "The Art of Plain Talk" does it again!

THE ART OF CLEAR THINKING

by DR. RUDOLF FLESCH

A fascinating, yet down-to-earth guide to straight thinking, and problem solving that shows you how to think "on your feet"...how to win arguments quickly, logically ...short cuts to faster everyday mathematics, a speedy notetaking system, and a quick self-test of executive ability. "The Art of Clear Thinking" shows how *not* to rack your brain, how *not* to be bamboozled. Complete with 16 pages of drawings, documenting the famous Dr. Flesch's painstaking research.

"Good speech" is a vitally important development factor

HOW TO TALK WELL

by JAMES F. BENDER

This book offers hundreds of specific aids to help you improve your speaking habits in your job, in selling a product, or yourself, in talking before a group, or in talking on a telephone. Here are 12 tips to make you a better conversationalist, 3 steps to building better speech habits, 10 guideposts to popularity, 3 rules that assure you a more persuasive voice, 18 ways successful speakers control stage fright, 24 ways to keep an audience alert and responsive, and 38 ways to conduct meetings and be a good chairman.

"Get along" faster and easier by getting along better

WINNING YOUR WAY WITH PEOPLE

by K. C. INGRAM

John D. Rockefeller once said, "I will pay more for the ability to handle people than for any other ability under the sun." Today, that feeling is becoming more important throughout the business world. Top salaries are paid to those who have the ability to influence and direct the efforts of others. Here, at last, is a practical, proven guide to handling people successfully. It reveals the psychology of making people listen to you, think well of you, and remember you.

Published at a total price of $10.75 but you get all 3 for only $1.

(plus few cents postage)

GIVING you 3 full-sized, hard-cover books like these for only $1 is for us a very expensive way to introduce you to the Executive Plan and show you the kind of books you will be offered regularly as a FREE member of America's famous Executive Book Club at big savings—(members buy only the selections of their choice—at savings of at least 25% from the established retail prices.)

We feel sure, however, that this introductory offer is the best way because these three Executive selections have been chosen by our editors as the very finest books available in the 3 most important "areas" of executive development. Indeed, executives making $25,000 a year (and up) will tell you that this 3-way development is the real key to winning your way to a better job at better pay.

How this Executive "Plan" works—

- Each month, Executive Books' editors select an outstanding book by a recognized authority—a man at the TOP. Each book deals with knowledge essential to your success . . . practical, helpful texts.
- Each month you will receive as a member, a free copy of our report, "The Executive." In it you'll find a full description of the forthcoming month's selection (chosen from new books of the leading Publishers) and a summary of many other current books on practical subjects. Thus, you have nearly a month to tell us whether or not you wish the selection.
- You are not obligated to accept every month's selection. You may take as few as four selections a year and still retain all the privileges and savings to which you are entitled. However, let's be clear about it. As a member you agree to purchase four selections of your choice during the next 12 months.
- The Executive Plan always saves you money, too. Executive Book selections cost members an average of less than $3.25 (including shipping). You always pay at least 25% less than the publisher's regular retail price. Frequently two books are offered as a Combined Selection—at a price that may be no more than the retail cost of one of the books—a saving of nearly 50% to you as a member.

Mail coupon! You need send no money!

The dollar you invest for these 3 vitally important "key" books may well be the most productive dollar you ever invested in your life. Just one of these books can make the difference between a better job and staying in the same old "rut." So, join with the thousands of Executive Plan members in "key" positions in such top organizations as American Tel. & Tel., Beechnut Packing, B&O Railroad, Bethlehem Steel, International Business Machines, Gulf Oil, Standard Oil of Ohio, Universal Atlas Cement, Remington Rand, etc. Act at once to let Executive Books help you succeed in business. Mail coupon today.

Each month Executive Books gives away to subscribers

$325.00 in CASH PRIZES!

13 CASH prizes every month. Open to subscribers only. These generous cash prizes stimulates mutually helpful and usable executive development suggestions. Contest is simple, interesting, no entry fees!

EXECUTIVE BOOKS • 100 SIXTH AVENUE NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

ALL 3 BUSINESS SUCCESS BOOKS FOR ONLY $1

(published at a total price of $10.75)

EXECUTIVE BOOKS, Dept. 234, 100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N. Y.

I accept your introductory offer of these 3 Executive Selections for only $1.00* (plus a few cents shipping) with Free membership in Executive Books. With my 3 books also send me the current edition of the Executive so I may decide whether or not I wish to purchase next month's selection. I understand that as a member my only obligation is to choose as few as 4 of the 16 or more books offered during the next 12 months. As a subscriber, I may participate without cost in the monthly $325.00 cash prize contest.

☐ Bill me $1 (plus a few cents shipping)

*☐ I would prefer you to pay shipping so I'm enclosing $1.00

(NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all books within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.)

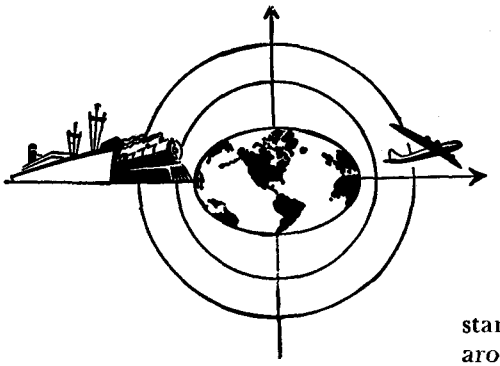
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone (if any)_____ State_____

(In Canada, only $1.10—Address Owen Sound, Ont.) RP-7

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Dulles and Trotsky

It's a hard job to understand the foreign policy of the Republican Administration—particularly hard since the man in charge of it, John Foster Dulles, has obviously decided to couch his public utterances in terms singularly befitting the intellectual comprehension of children in the fifth grade. We have in mind, for instance, the travelogue Mr. Dulles delivered over radio and TV after his trip to the Middle and Far East, his bland description of all the rulers he had met or dined with—all nice, terribly nice, potentates doing the best possible job in the interests of their peoples and of mankind.

Yet Mr. Dulles has some pet ideas about liberation, not meeting with the Reds, avoidance of war, national solvency, et cetera. As students of Mr. Dulles's philosophy, for months we have kept a close watch on him, never giving up hope that some time we would find the principle which guides his conduct of foreign policy.

We are glad to report now that from the depths of our memory an old slogan has emerged which, in our opinion, can serve to make more understandable the Administration's actions in world affairs. It is "neither war nor peace," a slogan invented by that past master Leon Trotsky when he met the German delegation at the Brest-Litovsk Conference in 1918. What Trotsky probably meant was that he disliked the prospect of any relationship with the German Empire—no matter whether the relationship was on the battlefield or at the peace table. At that time, as practically throughout his life, he thought that "proletarian" revolutions were just around the corner everywhere.

Under immensely different circumstances, Mr. Dulles may have come around to something like Trotsky's slogan. Unquestionably he is for peace, but there are many things that make the prospect of peacemaking gatherings unappealing to him. No matter what kind of a partial settlement with the Communists may be reached—a cease-fire in Korea or the opening of just a trickle of East-West trade—somebody on the extreme Republican side is likely to hurl those two thunderous words: "appeasement" and "Munich." On the other hand, it is constantly said by the most authoritative Republicans that too great a degree of war preparedness may cost more money than the nation can afford. Indeed, it may lead to the thing called by that other thunderous and devastating word: "bankruptcy."

The Administration's policy is to steer a course between anything that might be called either "Munich" or "bankruptcy." This exposes the Administration to endless embarrassments whenever it makes plans either for peacemaking or war preparedness. The consequence is that it has little room for maneuver in either direction. But the Administration has its own equivalent of Trotsky's revolutionary dream: the policy of liberation.

It is true that when a spontaneous movement of liberation erupted in east Berlin, our government wasn't able to do much. But a national policy designed to avoid paying too high a price either for peacemaking or for war preparedness cannot do much in any case. It's a policy of sitting tight and talking big.

THIS Republican Administration is a queer thing to behold. To judge from the record so far, it is not likely to take risks either in national or international affairs. Yet in some respects it has a sweeping revolutionary quality of its own, particularly when it comes to putting businessmen in major or minor positions of command, irrespective of qualification. It's a policy reminiscent of another old Bolshevik slogan: "All power to the Soviets!" The Administration is determined to give all power to the businessmen.

INSOMNIA

Count the small liberties as they leap over the stile and disappear,
One by one—
One, To Differ (those who believe in other ways betray)
Two, To Listen (this lecture is canceled; the thoughts might lead astray)
Three, To See (this movie is banned because some call it obscene)
Four, To Enter (this man cannot immigrate, he erred at eighteen)
Five, To Read (those books are no longer permitted on the shelves)
Six, To Be Silent (those who refuse to speak convict themselves)
Seven, To Question (this judge who consulted his conscience must be impeached)
Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve (the limit is not yet reached) —
Count the small liberties as they leap over the stile and disappear,
One by one.

—SEC

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps there is a mild revolutionary quality in this aftermath of the Great Crusade—a Sanka-coffee kind of revolution, with ninety-seven per cent of risk taking and brain stimulants removed.

Give Us a Break

In these last issues, we have been increasingly dissatisfied with what goes on in Washington under the Republican Administration, and we must say quite candidly that we don't like a bit being stuck with this role of constant faultfinding. It's something that goes against our grain: We at *The Reporter* are an optimistic, sanguine bunch, and nothing pleases us more than to call our readers' attention to something that the government has done well.

Since the beginning of the Eisenhower Administration, in appraising the new men in power we have been leaning over backward so much that sometimes our backs ache. We eagerly scanned the list of the new Cabinet appointees, looking for the man best fitted for his job and most likely to succeed. Our choice—and the choice of many others similarly well disposed—was Secretary Humphrey. We plugged for him on more than one occasion, and then we learned from an irreproachable publication, *Business Week,* that Mr. Humphrey's "tight" money policy had not shown, to say the least, much evidence of financial wisdom.

When we commented on the First Hundred Days of the Eisenhower Administration, we went out of our way to be as hopeful as the information we had gathered would allow.

And what we have said for the sake of being fair is nothing compared to what we have avoided saying. Issue after issue, we have softened our criticism of the new Administration leaders, for, we kept telling ourselves, some day even Secretary Wilson may learn his job. When Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce was appointed Ambassador to Italy, not an editorial peep was heard from *The Reporter.*

But of course our primary responsibility is to our conscience and to our readers. Yet we keep on hoping that once in a while we can report that something good has been done by the men who hold power in Washington. We also believe in rationing our targets: We would be happy to limit our attacks to McCarthy and his ilk.

But then comes the book-burning mess, the State Department "directives" on how the libraries have to be cleaned up, and so on and on. Isn't the Administration—ever—going to give us a break?

TO OUR READERS

From now on, during each summer two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* will be dropped. This year they will be the numbers that would have been dated August 18 and September 15. In between them the September 1 issue will be published. Then with the September 29 number we shall resume our regular fortnightly schedule until the summer of 1954. The dropping of these issues will not affect the number of issues each subscriber is entitled to.

Will They Burn This Issue?

"The Mission should withdraw [from overseas libraries] any individual issues [of responsible U.S. periodicals] containing any material hostile to U.S. objectives."—from a State Department directive *(see page 13).*

The Reporter is a responsible periodical. That is why, in this issue, we are exposing the activities of certain representatives of the U.S. government and stating openly—because we think it our responsibility to do so—that these activities discredit the Administration. This issue of *The Reporter* will therefore be admissible to American overseas libraries—subject to prior examination.

We do not envy the spot on which the examiners will find themselves—obliged to decide whether material hostile to Senator McCarthy is necessarily hostile to U.S. objectives. Will they order this issue burned?

The Reporter has been exposed to official pyromaniacs before. On August 24, 1951, speaking from the floor of the Senate, Senator Mundt said that he had found a copy of *The Reporter* but "I burned it up." We can only wait and see whether or not there are to be *Reporter* bonfires in foreign cities. In due time we shall know. We have asked our foreign correspondents, and we now ask our subscribers abroad, to visit those American libraries where *The Reporter* usually is to be found and let us hear if this issue on "The Purgers and the Purged" has been considered unfit to be read by foreigners—lest they learn that there are Americans who refuse to take McCarthyism lying down.

On Freedom to Read

Excerpts from an official statement of the American Library Association dated June 25, 1953:

"The freedom to read is essential to our democracy. It is under attack.

"Every silencing of a heresy, every enforcement of an orthodoxy, diminishes the toughness and resilience of our society . . .

"It is not in the public interest to force a reader to accept with any book the prejudgment of a label characterizing the book or author as subversive or dangerous.

". . . . no group has the right to . . . impose its own concepts of politics or morality upon other members of a democratic society . . .

"We do not state these propositions in the comfortable belief that what people read is unimportant. We believe rather that what people read is deeply important; that ideas can be dangerous; but that the suppression of ideas is fatal to a democratic society. Freedom itself is a dangerous way of life but it is ours.

"WE BELIEVE that [the overseas libraries] are among the most effective weapons possessed by the United States in the battle to preserve free men and free minds from the enslavement of Communist political and intellectual tyranny.

"We have been dismayed by the confused and fearful response of the State Department to recent attacks upon this program.

"The information administration must be free to use in its libraries what books soever its responsible professional judgment determines are necessary or useful to the provision of such a service.

"The American overseas libraries do not belong to a Congressional committee or to the State Department. They belong to the whole American people, who are entitled to have them express their finest ideals of responsible freedom."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"...THE MATING OF BAMBOO WITH BLOOD AND IRON."

Report on MAO'S CHINA

By FRANK MORAES

What is happening inside Red China today?

Frank Moraes, editor of *The Times of India,* offers the Western world a perceptive Indian's point of view on communism's struggle for Asia. A report that is of vital concern to every thinking American.

"Report on Mao's China gives a balanced, down-to-earth account of China today."
—New York Times

". . . Mr. Moraes, despite his Christianity and his Oxford education, is an Indian, and the Indian point of view on China is of vital concern to the world today."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune

$3.75 at all Bookstores

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

Two ways you can protect your family against CANCER

...a check
...a check-up

Cancer strikes in one of every two families. Each year more than 60,000 American children under the age of eighteen lose a parent to cancer.

Yet many cancers can be cured, if discovered in time.

Every man should have a complete physical examination once a year. Women over thirty-five should have a complete physical examination twice a year. Patients are being saved today who could not have been saved even a few years ago.

The American Cancer Society asks your help.

How soon we find cancer's cause and cure depends on how soon and how much help comes from people like you.

Send contribution to Cancer, c/o your local Post Office.

Cancer strikes One in Five
STRIKE BACK...
Give to Conquer Cancer!

The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*
Executive Editor, Harlan Cleveland
Senior Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor,* Al Newman
Associate Editor, Gouverneur Paulding
Assistant Managing Editors: William Knapp, Robert K. Bingham
Washington Editor, Douglass Cater • *Art Editor,* Reg Massie
Staff Writer, Claire Sterling
Production Manager, Malcolm J. Fleming
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Dalcher • *Librarian,* Ruth Ames
Circulation Manager, Albert C. Simonson • *Advertising Sales Director,* Edward Roeder, Jr.

VOLUME 9, NO. 2 **JULY 21, 1953**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

"INSOMNIA"—A POEM . . . . . *Sec* 2

The Purgers and the Purged

THE TIME HAS COME, MR. PRESIDENT—AN EDITORIAL . . . . *Max Ascoli* 6

THE ADVENTURES OF COHN AND SCHINE . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 9

THE MCCARTHYIZATION OF THEODORE KAGHAN . . . . *Theodore Kaghan* 17

VOICES WITHIN THE VOICE . . . . . *Philip Horton* 25

V.O.A.—A SURVEY OF THE WRECKAGE . . . . . *Raymond Swing* 30

Views & Reviews

Any Resemblance . . . ARBITER OF TASTE . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 34

JOE MANKIEWICZ AND THE CAPITOLINE HILL MOB . . . . . *Robert Hatch* 35

CHARLES ADDAMS, HIS FAMILY, AND HIS FIENDS . . . *Dwight Macdonald* 37

THE REPORTER: Published every other Tuesday, except for omission of two summer issues, by Fortnightly Publishing Company, Inc., 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Entered as second class matter at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1953 by Fortnightly Publishing Company, Inc. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

•

THE JUNIOR SENATOR from Wisconsin wrote a book about it called *McCarthyism*. In this issue we place some of the aspects of McCarthyism under a magnifying glass so that our readers may see developments and implications that escape the naked eye. McCarthyism is always in rapid motion—in the shell game the hand has to be quicker than the eye—but here we grab the dealer's hand and retrace some of his moves in slow motion.

Playing the same act that they played at home but this time on an entirely new circuit, two young McCarthy minions recently breezed through Europe and catapulted themselves into world-wide fame. Their achievement was facilitated by Communist propaganda, but it would be ungenerous to deny that it was largely through their own efforts that Roy M. Cohn and G. David Schine discredited American institutions. **Richard Rovere** has brought the details of that trip of theirs into memorable focus.

SO MANY men have suffered because of McCarthyism that it is difficult for the citizen to realize what it means in human and personal terms to the individual victim. When a man has good reason to think that he is a loyal, hard-working government employee it is not easy to discover suddenly that he is suspect, that there are people bent on finding something – anything – that can be presented as damaging to his reputation.

Theodore Kaghan's record had been screened again and again. The testimony of highly placed and competent Americans and Germans described his extraordinary services in arousing the spirit of resistance in that part of the world where Communism is just beyond a barricade in a street and where the struggle of ideas can at any moment turn into a physical struggle for life. Despite his long record of service and achievement, Mr. Kaghan was forced to resign. Among the many people whose careers have been wrecked by McCarthyism few have the talent to make their readers relive what they went through. Mr. Kaghan has that talent; *The Reporter* is proud to publish him.

OUR Senior Editor, **Philip Horton,** describes the perfection to which the McCarthy technique has been brought. It now is admirably adapted to realizing the fondest wishes of the enemies of our country. In Mr. Horton's account, an element which was present in Kaghan's story takes on an even more nightmarish quality: It can happen to you. For the new technique of inviting and exploiting petty gripes that McCarthyism used in wrecking the Voice of America can be applied to any organization in which we work, any enterprise to which we are devoted—school, church, or business.

We at *The Reporter* are singularly unwilling to allow McCarthyism to decide what organizations or causes we shall defend. That is why we asked **Raymond Swing,** who resigned in May from the Voice of America, to state frankly what its shortcomings were—despite the fact that it was not these shortcomings which furnished the grounds for the McCarthy attack. So much for McCarthyism—just now.

OUR European Correspondent, **Theodore White,** is among those whose books the State Department is reported to have banished from American libraries overseas. The presence of his name on that list brought home to us the despicable, unpatriotic asininity of the whole book-burning spree. *Thunder Out of China* is the banished book, which White wrote in collaboration with Annalee Jacoby. We wanted to reread his book and once more we realized what a superb reporter White is. Already in 1946 he saw that our unconditional support of the Chiang régime would not save China but would bring a political disaster in which our nation would be inextricably involved. He was not fooled by Mao's proclaimed democracy; he correctly appraised Mao's strength although he did not imagine Mao would win so soon. If the men who made our policy in China had shared White's keen understanding, China might not have been lost to Communism. If China had not been lost, McCarthy's work would not have been so easy. We say to White: "Good man, Teddy. We are proud you are with us."

Are you an AUTHOR looking for a publisher ?

TIME Magazine (June 23, 1952) says of EXPOSITION: "Gives its writers a contract whose terms are frank & clear, sends out review copies & releases, builds publicity & promotion . . ."

Send for free 32-page brochure "WE CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK"

EXPOSITION PRESS

386 Fourth Avenue • New York 16, N. Y., Dept. R

FREE! The Special News Report Received Each Week by The Soviet Embassy and a Certain Rich Man in Wall Street!

Thousands of top companies, newspapers, individuals receive FACTS ON FILE's Weekly News Digest, call it indispensable!—Because FACTS ON FILE alone brings them world news in unbiased, unslanted FACT form.—Because FACTS ON FILE covers the TOTAL news, digested from 4,004 key newspapers and publications each year.—Because FACTS ON FILE reduces 100 hours of news reading to just 25-35 minutes each week. All we ask is that you send a 3¢ stamp for postage. For the current copy just write

FACTS ON FILE Dept. 85-7 516 Fifth Ave. New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Time Has Come, Mr. President

"A Republican Administration under General Eisenhower is the surest way to avoid the growth of McCarthy and McCarthyism. Those who are genuinely troubled by this issue can most effectively deal with it by voting Republican." Thus reads an editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune* of October 30, 1952.

On July 29, after the Conventions, Walter Lippmann wrote: "If they are defeated for the sixth time, and defeated under Eisenhower and after the fight that took place at the convention, the Republican Party may fall completely into the hands of its most irreconcilable and ruthless factions. They may become entirely reckless in their actions because they have lost all prospect of attaining legitimate power and responsibility. An opposition of this kind might be a serious menace to the peace of the world and to the liberties of this country."

Some months before, with characteristic forthrightness, the Washington *Post* came out for Eisenhower: "It is this newspaper's hope and belief that McCarthyism would disappear overnight if Eisenhower were elected."

In collecting these quotations—and we could add many more—we do not want to carp at writers with whom we find ourselves most frequently in agreement. Rather, we want to point out one fact: The forebodings about what would happen to the Republican Party under a Stevenson Administration are being borne out by the actions of "its most irreconcilable and ruthless factions" since Eisenhower's election. The attainment of "legitimate power and responsibility" multiplied the recklessness of McCarthy and McCarthyism. In actual truth, and to an ever-increasing degree, these men are now "a serious menace to the peace of the world and to the liberties of this country."

General Eisenhower's indecisiveness in reaping the fruits of two victories—his nomination and his election—keeps many of his fellow citizens wondering about him just as they used to at the time he started campaigning: For the enthusiasm he occasionally arouses with some stirring statement is quickly dampened by what he says next—or fails to say. Somehow, in spite of his two victories, he has remained a candidate to national and world leadership, a man whom a large majority of the people like but cannot quite figure out, and who perhaps has not yet figured out himself what to do to establish his own leadership. Probably he is not a very happy man these days, and in spite of his good intentions he is making a large number of people very unhappy.

Yet the only alternative to total despair for all those who, at home and abroad, believe or have believed in him is to go on hoping and praying that soon the best that is in him will assert itself. Sometimes the going is tough.

Your Brother Is the Enemy

Ever since the General left the Army to go into politics, he has shown an undeviating devotion to the cause of Republicanism, an urge to prove that in his solicitude for the unity of the party he is second to none. In doing so he follows a tradition laid down by our best Presidents, who, from Jefferson on, have invariably been strong party men—men who have managed to foster the interests of the nation by doing things for which their party could take credit. Statesmen are judged by history, politicians by the voters. By being at the same time statesmen and politicians, democratic leaders subject themselves to a double check.

However, at the time General Eisenhower decided to be a dedicated party man—and indeed a crusading one—something quite radical and unprecedented had happened to our party system, as radical and unprecedented as the sudden turn in the nation's destiny. After they had won the war the people of America came to realize that they had no peace. They could see no sign of when the time of danger from the attack of international Communism would come to an end, no reprieve in prospect from obligations toward the rest of the world.

The two-party system in our national history has done an extraordinary job in breaking and diverting

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waves of popular discontent, one after another. In spite of our recurrent depressions, political battles in our country have never been fought along class lines. The bitterness of economic, or racial, or religious conflicts has invariably been tempered by our parties, which could provide various yet not too dissimilar patterns of compromise.

But in the era of the so-called cold war, our party system has been subjected to a test that might well break it. Demagogues have sprung up all over the place, with their own standard interpretation of the causes that have upset the life of the American people, with their suggestions as to what America could do to save itself and let the rest of the world go hang. The Republican Party, which for twenty years had been exempted from the responsibility of government, was obviously the most exposed to the demagogues' infiltration.

Anti-Communism-in-One-Country

Since the major and most enduring cause of international disturbances is to be found in international Communism, the American demagogues developed a course of action which, to paraphrase Stalin's motto, may be called "anti-Communism-in-one-Country." It is a course that leads away from costly international alliances and restricts the struggle to the home front. This demands that the highest possible barriers be erected between the nation and the rest of the free world. The Communists are glad to lend a helping hand in the building of the barriers.

It has become an established principle that men and women, public servants or writers or teachers or just next-door neighbors, may at any time be called upon to prove that they are not traitors to their country. This extraordinary form of national hypochondria must be delectable to the professional carriers of Communist infection. If it is assumed that in normal health there is a presumption of deadly sickness, and that the resources of medicine must be used to keep under strictest observation those who are well, then not much energy is left to take care of the ailing.

Anti-Communism-in-one-Country gained control of Republican factions in the aftermath of the Second World War, just as it gained control of two European nations—Italy first and then Germany—in the aftermath of the First World War. There can be no doubt by now that in the Republican demagogy that was supposed to go out of existence overnight there is the stuff of which totalitarian movements are made.

Yet the President seems still determined to stick to the principle "my party right or wrong," even after the bitterness he has had to swallow during his months of office. It is particularly incredible when we consider how far, in the November election, General Eisenhower outran his party. As Dwight D. Eisenhower, he gained 55.1 per cent of the popular vote, while the party he led, in the election for the House of Representatives, gained a few more seats but actually fewer votes than the Democrats: 28,585,771 to the Democratic nominees, 28,346,500 to the Republican. In terms both of popular votes and of Congressional seats, the Republican Party is in as uncomfortable a spot as Churchill's Conservatives in Britain and De Gasperi's Center coalition in Italy. Moreover, it cannot be forgotten that Eisenhower's majority would have been even more imposing if a large number of voters had not been dismayed by his campaign, and that Eisenhower's great prestige certainly increased his party's vote.

The difference between his own and his party's vote should serve to give the President a measure of the leadership the nation has entrusted to him. Indeed, his constituency has become much broader, since the Democrats in Congress are an integral part of his majority. Yet the Democrats whose loyalty he needs are still occasionally "crusaded" against.

The zealots of anti-Communism-in-one-Country have already started girding for the next Congressional election, determined to purge Congress of the men who are the most vigorous supporters of the President's foreign policy—most of them Democrats. If the President's enemies within his own party succeed in riding along on the President's popularity and gain actual control of Congress, then General Eisenhower will know what he has coming to him. It has been coming for quite a while, from the time he decided to run as a champion of 100 per cent Republicanism—as if nothing had happened to his party.

WILL he base his Administration on the national and Congressional majority he has—and not on the partisan one he has lost? Will he realize that the people, last November, showed far greater confidence in him than in the men who are blighting his leadership? Will he decide the time has come when he must speak up against both evil principles and evil personalities—and then act accordingly?

If he doesn't, if he lets our country be swept by those forces that he met and crushed on the battlefields of Europe, then may history have pity on him —and on us all.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

ECONOMIES: EAST AND WEST

To the Editor: The first two articles in the May 26 issue of *The Reporter,* "The Challenge of Soviet Economic Growth," by Theodore H. White, and ". . . And an American Expert's Response," by J. K. Galbraith, seem to have overlooked the fact that the forces which operate to determine the rate of growth of productivity under the capitalist system are quite different from those now operating in the Soviet economy.

The fact that the Soviet economy has experienced a very rapid rate of growth in productivity has generally been discounted as a temporary phenomenon due to a combination of favorable circumstances: (1) The Russian economy was a very low-productivity economy to start with in 1917 and therefore had a long way to go to catch up; (2) the Soviet planners could borrow a highly developed system of production techniques from Europe and America and not have to waste time and resources experimenting; (3) the Soviet planners inherited a population that was conditioned to a very low standard of consumption, which enabled them to convert new gains in output to building up capital rather than satisfying the demands of consumers.

But the planned economy of the Soviet Union has one strength which capitalist economies cannot enjoy in the contest of growth. The planned economy, if the planners choose, can engage in capital formation without limits being imposed by the growth of the market. In the Soviet Union, decisions to invest are not oriented to profitable sales in a free market.

This is to say that the rate of growth in a capitalistic economy is restrained by the effectiveness of the distribution system. If goods cannot be sold at a profit, it becomes irrational to invest in producing still more capacity to produce still more goods.

The Soviet economy, on the contrary, can set a very high rate of growth as a planned goal; and unless resistance to work is encountered, or essential raw materials run out, that rate of growth can be maintained. The Soviets can, if they choose, build factories on top of factories and let them stand idle or use them in any way they like. They are not limited by the willingness of income receivers to buy the output at profitable prices.

This is not much of an argument for socialist planning unless the system of private capital formation breaks down as it has in Europe. If European investors do not start expanding productivity, the socialists will become stronger. It may be that European capitalists are so convinced that the market is limited—and the market for them is certainly more limited than for the U.S. businessman—that they will not undertake much important investment in the future.

The programs for eliminating trade barriers between European countries offer some hope. The prospect of trade with Russia and eastern Europe may also be influential. But the best likelihood for salvaging European capitalism lies in eliminating barriers to trade with the United States, and this seems at present bitterly unlikely to happen.

ROBERT F. VOERTMAN
Michigan State College
East Lansing

BOUND TO FAIL

To the Editor: William Lee Miller's article, "Religion, Politics, and the 'Great Crusade'" (*The Reporter,* July 7), is a penetrating and helpful analysis of President Eisenhower and certain elements within his party.

The article leads me to suggest that perhaps all crusades which promise a brand new order are bound to fail. Crusades with sweeping objectives (purging the Holy Land of the Infidel or cleaning up the "top-to-bottom mess" in Washington) become inevitably "moral crusades." Such crusades oversimplify the issue at stake. They divide the world into the pure and impure, the good and the evil. Does not their self-righteousness and their oversimplified reading of the actual historical situation always spell ultimate failure?

ERNEST W. LEFEVER
New York

THE NEGRO AND HIS PAST

To the Editor: Robert K. Bingham's review of *Go Tell It on the Mountain,* by James Baldwin (*The Reporter,* June 23), has disturbing, even if unintentional, implications. One wonders whether Mr. Bingham's attitude toward "the Negro" would not make many Negroes as uncomfortable as that of the woman in his home town to whom he refers. Both seem to deny the right of any Negro to be considered as an individual. The woman who takes pride in having Negroes dine at her home does so to demonstrate ostentatiously her lack of prejudice. She invites them largely because of their race, rather than because they are people with whom she would like to become better acquainted. Similarly, Mr. Bingham seems to imply that there is "beauty and dignity" in being a Negro over and above that of being a human being. There are ". . . special qualities which make them valuably different from the rest of us. . . ." But for its positive overtones, this statement might have been made by any racialist or anti-assimilationist.

Few will deny that Negroes developed a distinctive folk culture in the South, and that it would be unfortunate for their descendants to ignore it out of shame. It would be even more unfortunate, however, for anyone to expect every Negro to embody this folk culture. Alain Locke points out in *The Negro in American Culture* that Negroes have often been forced by majority attitudes of exclusion and rejection to assume a defensive attitude of racialism, but that lack of a minority language and ancestral tradition left no alternative but to share the language and tradition of the majority culture. "Thus, instead of the usual minority nativism with its logic of separation, Negro aspiration and effort has aimed, almost without exception, at full cultural assimilation."

Perhaps if Mr. Bingham had elaborated on some of those elements in the Negro past which modern Negroes "ought to keep" and "must accept," his position would be clearer. According to him, Baldwin means "that the past, which is all that makes the present coherent, must be accepted, and that in the things which hurt can often be found the things which help." Mr. Bingham seems to imply that this past is that of the race, rather than of an individual. This may misrepresent Baldwin, who says, "I wanted my people to be people first, Negroes almost incidentally." Mr. Bingham's statement rings true when applied to an individual, but dangerously false if generalized to a race or minority group.

GRAFTON D. TROUT, JR.
Bloomington, Indiana

THE SILVER SCREEN

To the Editor: Arthur Knight's article on Hollywood's new 3-D and wide-screen innovations (*The Reporter,* June 9) was generally hep to the subject, but it frequently misplaced the emphasis confusingly and had the deplorable habit of making "3-D" the generic word for all the new processes.

Technically, within the industry and in ads directed to the layman, 3-D means only one form of production, true stereoscopy requiring polarized glasses to unscramble the two different camera images that are thrown on a screen. I am sure, for instance, that poor Mr. Spyros Skouras's eyes would pop, after all the ballyhoo Twentieth Century-Fox has put out, to read that "*all* its 'production output forthwith' would be concentrated in the 3-D field." In fact, Twentieth Century-Fox will make only one film in 3-D next year; all the rest will be made in CinemaScope, which has no connection whatever with the term "3-D."

Mr. Knight gives altogether too much weight to 3-D. If he were closer to the business end of the industry he would know that few of the big boys think of the films' future in terms of 3-D; most theater owners can't see placing their hopes on a process that requires glasses. Basically, their faith is that by greatly increasing the dimensions of the screen, they will have something impressive enough to wean back their lost audiences from TV. The 3-D boom is fully expected to taper off. However, for the next year most of the companies will make their product simultaneously in 3-D and in wide-screen, giving the exhibitor and his customers their choice.

MARVIN ELKOFF
New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Adventures Of Cohn and Schine

RICHARD H. ROVERE

BY FAR the most remarkable thing about Roy M. Cohn and G. David Schine, the young men who for six disaster-strewn months have been serving as Chief Counsel and Chief Consultant, respectively, to the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of Senator McCarthy's Committee on Government Operations, is the way they fracture the categories of human behavior.

Most of us are prepared by the mere experience of living to encounter paradox and contradiction in character. It surprises no one that a wolf should appear in sheep's clothing; it is in the nature of evil to masquerade. It is not astonishing to learn that a reformer has become a tyrant; in this century we know very well what the road to hell is paved with. Nevertheless, there have always been certain unwritten but intuitively acknowledged laws dealing with the propriety of disguises and with the natural limits of contradiction, and it is these laws which Cohn and Schine so spectacularly violate.

Inquisitors in Motley

Their chosen field of endeavor is inquisition. Inquisitors dissemble in many ways. Torquemada was a monk in an order of learned mendicants. But while the imagination accepts without protest the poor ecclesiastic presiding over the roasting of two thousand of his fellow men, it will not accept, or at least it is greatly wrenched by, the thought that a Grand Inquisitor might either be or pretend to be a punchinello, say, or a tumbler. The clown's disguise would never occur to a heresy hunter, who must be a man full of earthly vanity or of spiritual pride, and the hunting of heresies would never occur to a clown.

Or so, at any rate, it would seem. But now, in 1953, Cohn and Schine are on hand to prove all this wrong. For Cohn and Schine are lamentably successful inquisitors who do not pretend to be, but in point of fact are, buffoons. In the spring of the year, they took a celebrated trip to Europe that was marked from beginning to end by low comedy. In the basic circumstance of the trip there was the ready-made plot for a gorgeous farce—two young men madly and preposterously bent on the ideological purification of the greatest government on earth. And the journey itself, the real journey, had such familiar fixtures of farce as a female spy who was once the toast of Vienna, a contretemps that involved a platoon of diplomats in a search for a mislaid billfold, and an altercation—denied *in toto* by the principals but sworn to by reputable journalists and in any case firmly fixed now in the profoundest realities of myth—in which young Mr. Schine chased young Mr. Cohn around a hotel lobby swatting him over the head with a rolled-up magazine.

What more could anyone have asked? Only Victor Moore, perhaps, as our startled, victimized Ambassador to Graustark. Seen at close range, the performance belonged so plainly to the world of burlesque that the British immediately took to chanting, "Positively, Mr. Cohn! Absolutely, Mr. Schine!" The illusion of fun and theater was fortuitously encouraged, of course, by such things as the young men's names (monosyllabic, neatly and memorably mated, advantageous for puns, rhymes, and parodies) and the fact that, like Laurel and Hardy, Gallagher and Shean, and Abbott and Costello, Cohn and Schine are a study in contrasts: Cohn short, dark, and jumpy; Schine tall, fair, and sleepy.

YET it is a register of the spoilsport quality of our age that very few of those who laughed as Cohn and Schine moved about Europe—ten cities, seven countries, seventeen days—failed to realize that the junket was also a catastrophe of the very first order. Following closely upon the series of assaults they made on the Voice of America and the home offices of the International Information Administration, they delivered the *coup de grâce* to an enterprise that had been a tremendous asset to American diplomacy. And as Theodore Kaghan, one of the bravest and most distinguished officials in that undertaking, points out, we have not yet reaped the full harvest sown by these jokers. All over Europe and all over Washington, there are government servants with their resignations signed, sealed, and pocketed, ready for delivery as soon as other jobs are lined up, as soon as family affairs can be set in order, as soon as enough time has elapsed to give their actions the appearance of unhurried judgment rather than of panic inspired by Cohn and Schine.

Meanwhile, quite apart from the havoc wrought within our government, there is the matter of the blow dealt American prestige by the sim-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple fact of Cohn's and Schine's perambulations. To be sure, it can be argued that it was not really these gray-flanneled Argonauts who did the damage but Senator McCarthy, whose agents they were. The voices in the star chambers were Cohn's and Schine's, but the hand was the hand of McCarthy.

Had McCarthy himself gone to Europe to terrorize American officials, there would have been nothing to laugh at. McCarthy is at least a man of substance, a demagogue of formidable gifts, a cause adequate to the effects he produces. What is funny and pathetic and grotesque and infuriating about Cohn and Schine is their manifest inadequacy. What made the comedy they staged piquant was that two such young men had somehow been vested with the power to stand a great republic on its ear.

Men Without a Past

Cohn and Schine may have a future, but, being only twenty-six, they have not much in the way of pasts. This makes them almost unique among leading McCarthyites. Before their advent, McCarthyism had been drawing on two types for its cadres: guilt-ridden ex-Communists like Louis Budenz, the man with the latex memory, and careerists like Don Surine, the former FBI man who was declared unfit for Mr. Hoover's service. Neither Cohn nor Schine is an ex-Communist or, as far as can be discovered, an ex-anything. They have had neither the occasion nor the time to amass the fund of regrets and grudges that leads so many disenchanted Bolsheviks to give themselves over to the Bolshevism of the Right. And neither has been driven into McCarthyism by the spurs of necessity and failure.

Both have come, and very recently, from comfortable and secure middle-class backgrounds. In Schine's case, the background is downright plush. Both were expensively and liberally educated. Cohn, a native New Yorker and the only son of a judge in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, attended the Fieldston School, which is under the management of the Ethical Culture Society, and Horace Mann, where the writings of John Dewey are as Holy Writ; he later attended Columbia College and Columbia Law School. Schine is one of several children of Meyer Schine of Gloversville, New York, the proprietor of a chain of hotels, the best known of which are the Roney Plaza at Miami Beach and the nearby Boca Raton Club, and also of a chain of movie houses and radio stations. Young Schine went to the Fessenden School, Phillips Andover Academy, and Harvard College.

IT IS DIFFICULT to relate Cohn and Schine to the McCarthy movement, but Cohn's case is on the whole a good deal easier to understand than Schine's. Cohn at any rate grew up in a political atmosphere, though one rather different from that in which he now operates. His father is a Bronx Democrat who owes his present eminence largely to the good will of Edward J. Flynn, the tough, urbane county boss who managed Franklin Roosevelt's third-term campaign. Though Cohn appears to have had no opportunity to develop the compulsive hatreds that lead many to the adoption of McCarthyism as a way of life, one need only observe him and his deportment briefly to see that he is the sort of young man who takes things hard. His dark eyes are flinty and bright. He has a studied toughness of manner. "He bounces around a room like a movie gangster who suspects that the draperies conceal a rival hood," a man who had a brief, unpleasant encounter with him has written.

Last fall, when, as a Department of Justice lawyer, Cohn presented the results of a grand-jury inquiry into subversion among employees of the United Nations Secretariat, he thought it fitting to advise the court that the work he had directed was "probably the most important investigation ever conducted in the entire history of the United States."

It was in the Department of Justice that Cohn acquired his knowledge of the Communist movement, which, though well short of overwhelming, is greatly superior to either Schine's or McCarthy's. He joined the Attorney General's staff in New York in 1948, immediately after being admitted to the bar. It is reasonable to assume that his father's high standing with the Truman Administration constituted no hindrance to his Federal employment. His first cases were routine ones—narcotics and the like—but he soon began to specialize in cases involving Communists and persons suspected of being Communists. He had a hand in the prosecution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and in the government's Smith Act case against thirteen Communist functionaries. He was also involved in the indictment and prosecution of William Remington. The United Nations investigation, the one he regards as the most important in American history, was almost entirely his handiwork. It was this job that drew him to McCarthy's attention.

Der Meistersinger von Gloversville

Schine's espousal of McCarthyism is even more perplexing. He not only seems to lack animus; he comes very close to lacking animation. With his wavy, well-tended hair, his regular features, and his somnolent eyes, he is a good-looking youth in the style that one associates with male orchestra singers, and there is evidence that the world is not completely on the skewgee in the fact that the appearance is not altogether deceiving. He has never been an orchestra singer, but he has written and published two or three songs. One is called "Please Say Yes, or It's Goodbye," and the opening lines are:

HAWKSHAWS' HEGIRA

Exclusive of travel time but including sleep, sightseeing, and press conferences, Cohn and Schine spent approximately forty hours in Paris, which they saw twice, seventeen hours in Bonn, twenty hours in Berlin, nineteen hours in Frankfurt, sixty-five hours in Munich, forty-one hours in Vienna, twenty-three hours in Belgrade, twenty-four hours in Athens, twenty-five hours in Rome, and six hours in London. After the first nine days of the trip, Cohn told the press in Munich: "We figure we have spoken to approximately 147 people." On their return they announced in New York that they talked to about 200 people and obtained many affidavits.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Haven't found a good solution,
There is only one way out.
My heart is in a sad confusion,
And I've got to end this doubt.
So I'm asking you to tell me how things stand.
A simple yes or no is all that I demand.

Schine, the owner of a Cadillac with telephone service and of a piano with built-in organ and record changer, was also at one time a kind of press agent for Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. It is in character, too, that he should have sojourned briefly in Hollywood and have had well-publicized flirtations with one of Joan Bennett's daughters and with a starlet named Piper Laurie. Schine's hobby is collecting cigars. His Gloversville home houses what is said to be the world's largest—and possibly its only—collection.

When Schine is asked about his competence as Chief Consultant to McCarthy's committee, he refers to a curious work entitled "Definition of Communism," of which he is the author. This is a six-page pamphlet bearing the colophon of the Schine Hotels ("Finest Under the Sun"). Schine wrote the pamphlet a few months before going to work for McCarthy and had copies of it put on every bureau in every one of the Schine Hotels, of which his father had two or three years back appointed him president and general manager.

Why David felt called upon to undertake his essay in the counter-indoctrination of his guests is a matter for conjecture. In any event, the pamphlet is said to have been the instrument that brought together Schine, Cohn, and McCarthy. The story is that last fall a Rabbi Schultz of Yonkers, New York, who runs an organization called the Jewish League Against Communism, sought out the hospitality of the Gulfstream Hotel, another Schine hotel in Miami Beach, found "Definition of Communism" in his room, was stunned by its depth of understanding, promptly sought out the author, and introduced him to Roy Cohn. Cohn, who was then preparing to go to work for McCarthy, introduced him to the Senator, who immediately hired him.

Wide World

Cohn and Schine

The New Nihilism

Immediately on joining the committee staff, Cohn and Schine were placed in full charge of the first big McCarthy production for 1953, the campaign against the Voice of America and its parent agency, the International Information Administration.

Cohn and Schine came to New York with nothing to go on but the bits and pieces collected by members of the "Loyal American Underground" (see page 25). They themselves acknowledged that they had made no particular study of conditions at the Voice. But the magic of McCarthyism lies largely in its Luther Burbank touch with humble and unpromising materials; working with nothing but a mass of trifling, unrelated, and as a rule purely negative facts, it can produce whole fields of Shasta daisies. By the time McCarthy and the television cameras were through, they had toppled most of the Voice leadership, forced the leaders of the Administration party to disown the agency, and sown despair and confusion everywhere in the middle and lower ranks.

It is impossible to escape the conclusion that ruin was what they had sought from the start. One of the extraordinary things about McCarthyism is that it is a point of view—and for some people, indeed, a way of life—that can only be defined in terms of itself. Most political movements, whether angelic or infernal in character, have some sort of end in view; they seek either to reconstruct or to modify social institutions. McCarthyism, however, seeks nothing; it has no positive goals; and those who make it a way of life, as Cohn and Schine do, come very close to being the purest sort of nihilists. When, during the Voice investigation, officials who had been accused of nothing at all and were merely eager to preserve the good reputation of their offices against the testimony of wounded and embittered subordinates, sought to explain what they had been trying to do, they found Cohn and Schine supremely uninterested. Causes and reasons and explanations simply bored them. They were frank to say all they sought was circumstantial evidence of malfeasance; extenuating circumstances, if any, were none of their business.

Often Voice executives would plead such extenuating circumstances. One after another, while the investigation was on they would go to Cohn and Schine to argue that the testimony of subordinates, while not necessarily inaccurate, was misleading. They would appeal to the good sense and discrimination of the investigators and petition them that no judgment be made on the evidence of this testimony alone. Numerous interviews went pretty much along the following lines:

COHN-SCHINE: So what you're after is a chance to clear your department. Are you here to tell us that no mistakes have been made?

PETITIONER: Of course I'm not. I admit there have been mistakes. More than a few, I suppose. But there ought to be some way of showing that by and large we're doing

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what we're supposed to do. I just felt that there ought to be a little sense of proportion in all of this. You fellows are giving the impression we never do anything right.

COHN-SCHINE: Well, this committee isn't set up to show that agencies are doing what they're supposed to do. Our job is to find the weak spots. We'd waste time and money if we did it the other way around.

PETITIONER: I understand that. I'm just saying you give the impression we have nothing but failures.

COHN-SCHINE: We're not concerned with what you do ninety per cent of the time. It's the ten per cent—the mistakes you yourself admit you make—that interests us.

PETITIONER: I never said we made mistakes ten per cent of the time. My God, if I thought that I'd be agreeing with you. I'd say it's less than one per cent of the time.

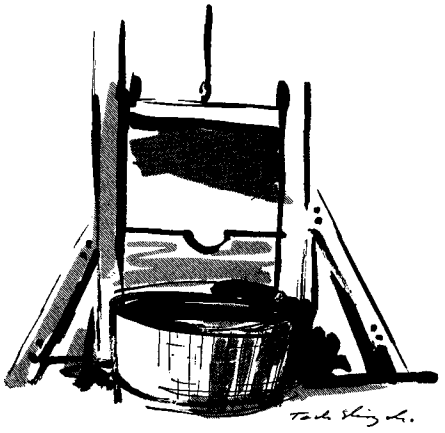
COHN-SCHINE: Have it your own way—ten per cent, one per cent—whatever it is, that's what we're after.

PETITIONER: Then I guess what you're telling me is that the committee doesn't want to hear my side of this. Is that it?

COHN-SCHINE: No, we're not saying that. We're not the committee. We only work for it. All we're saying is that we don't think the committee would be interested in this kind of testimony. We're not going to recommend that the committee hear you. But if you want to write out your answers to all this, that's your privilege. Give it to us, we'll give it to the committee, and maybe they'll hear you. We don't know. We just don't think so.

PETITIONER: I see.

COHN-SCHINE: Of course, if the committee does hear you, we'll have to go into the *whole* record. We can't just put your story on. We'll have to subpoena a lot of other people in your office. You understand that, don't you?



A New Low

As an instance of moral nihilism, nothing excels the behavior of McCarthy and Cohn during the interrogation of Reed Harris, the former State Department official who headed the International Information Administration during a kind of interregnum last winter and who was driven from the government by McCarthy after it was revealed that Harris had written a book back in 1932 in which he had had some harsh things to say about college athletics and about American education in general.

In Harris's testimony on March 3, it came out that in 1932 he had been suspended from classes at Columbia University because some of his editorials in the *Spectator*, the campus daily, had struck the college authorities as being in poor taste. After establishing this fact, McCarthy asked Harris if he had at the time been provided with the services of an attorney by the American Civil Liberties Union. This exchange took place:

HARRIS: I had many offers of attorneys and one of those was from the American Civil Liberties Union, yes.

THE CHAIRMAN: The question is: Did the Civil Liberties Union supply you with an attorney?

HARRIS: They did supply me with an attorney.

THE CHAIRMAN: The answer is "Yes"?

HARRIS: The answer is "Yes."

THE CHAIRMAN: You know that the American Civil Liberties Union has been listed as a front of the Communist Party?

HARRIS: Mr. Chairman, this was 1932.

THE CHAIRMAN: I know this was 1932. Do you know that they since have been listed as a front doing the work of the Communist Party?

HARRIS: I do not know that they have been listed so. I have heard that mentioned, or read that mentioned.

NOW WHAT is wrong here is not simply that the American Civil Liberties Union was not in 1932 or at any time before or after that year a Communist front; or that it has never been so listed either by the Attorney General or the FBI or any committee of Congress; or that the only charge of this nature ever to be made came from the Tenney Committee of the California Legislature, a source of such monumental disreputability that even the House Committee on Un-American Activities will not give credence to its findings. The really breath-taking thing about the Harris incident was not the gall required to pursue the line of questioning McCarthy pursued but that it was done on March 3, 1953, and that Roy Cohn was at his side when he did it.

Those of us who watched this particular act observed that McCarthy, just before asking Harris if he knew about the political coloration of the Civil Liberties Union, paused and looked hesitantly at his Chief Counsel, clearly asking Cohn's approval of what he was about to do. Cohn responded with a silence that was McCarthy's cue to press forward, and with that silence new ground in political immorality was broken. *For the fact of the matter was that less than three weeks earlier Cohn had attended and addressed an American Civil Liberties Union conference at the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York.*

Bloodhounds with Wings

The Voice hearings came to an end in late March. They were not

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

completed; it is characteristic of McCarthyism never to complete anything, and there has not been and probably never will be any sort of report or summation of findings. The hearings themselves just trailed off into nothingness. Then, suddenly, Cohn and Schine turned up in Paris on Saturday, April 4, and were off on their European tour.

This expedition appears to have been set up only a few days in advance, and the purpose of it was so obscure that almost everywhere the travelers touched down they gave a different account of why they were traveling. In Paris they said they were looking for inefficiency in government offices overseas. In Bonn they said they were looking for subversives. Asked in Munich which it

EVOLUTION OF A POLICY

May 1952—Recommendation by Committee on Books Abroad, advisory subcommittee to State Department (members: Dr. Martin R. P. McGuire of Catholic University, chairman; Charles P. Brett, president of the Macmillan Company; Cass Canfield, chairman of the board of Harper & Brothers; Robert L. Crowell, president of Thomas Y. Crowell Company, and Keyes D. Metcalf, Director of Libraries for Harvard University):

"The Committee is positive and unanimous in its decision to recommend to the United States Advisory Commission on Educational Exchange that authorship should not be a criterion for determining whether or not a book is available for USIS libraries abroad."

February 19, 1953—State Department Directive signed by W. Bradley Connors:

"In order to avoid all misunderstanding, no material by any controversial persons, Communists, fellow travellers, etc., will be used under any circumstances by any IIA media."

March 17, 1953—Memorandum to Dr. Robert L. Johnson, IIA Director, from Carl W. McCardle, for the Secretary of State:

". . . Responsible U.S. periodicals of program value may be included in U.S.I.S. overseas libraries. The Mission should withdraw any individual issues containing any material hostile to U.S. objectives. . . ."

April 22, 1953—Statement submitted by Richard A. Humphrey, Acting Assistant and Administrator, International Information Center Service, after his testimony before the Hickenlooper Committee:

"Since February 18, 1953, the Information Center Service has, in pursuance to a new policy of the Department of State, sought security clearance for authors of books under consideration for purchases for progam use abroad."

June 11, 1953—Statement by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy:

"The committee's investigators have discovered, using Library of Congress statistics, that 31,345 books by [257] writers who have been named under oath as Communists or who have public records of affiliation with Communist fronts were purchased by the Truman-Acheson administration. . . . Following the disclosure of the facts by our committee, the State Department, under its new leadership, ordered books by Communist authors removed from the shelves of our information centers in other countries. As fast as we disclose more information on Communist writers, the State Department has promised action in clearing out this Communist propaganda. . . ."

June 15, 1953—Press conference of Secretary John Foster Dulles:

Q: Does the Department have any master list of authors whose books are not to be included in overseas libraries?

A: The Secretary said not that he was aware of.

Q: Is there some distinction between deshelving and burning?

A: The Secretary said all that he could say was that he thought he would be asked a question, perhaps, about book burning, and so he asked Dr. Johnson to let him know how many books had been burned. Dr. Johnson told him eleven. He said that the reporters knew as much as he did.

Q: Is it true that the directive involving these books sets the standard of the reputation of the author rather than the content of the book in deciding which books should be removed from the libraries?

A: The Secretary said that it was his recollection that more emphasis is put upon the Communist character of the author than upon the content of the book. . . .

June 17, 1953—President Eisenhower's press conference:

Q: Senator Hennings . . . remarked that . . . you could demonstrate your distaste for "book burning" by rescinding the State Department order which permits books to be removed from our foreign libraries because of their authorship.

A: Now he has not seen that order. As he said before, he has asked them to bring it in and discuss it with him. In fact he didn't know they had issued one in the form that the reporter now apparently intimates that it has. He didn't know there was a definite proscription — whether we had a list of books.

June 26, 1953—New York Times:

"The State Department said today that more than 300 book titles by about eighteen authors had been removed from U.S. libraries abroad under specific directives to rid the Government's overseas information program of works by Communist, pro-Communist or "controversial" writers. There were indications that additional volumes running into the hundreds had been removed from library shelves under interpretations by officers in the field.

"The department also announced that a new directive was in preparation to end the confusion and excesses of zeal that officials acknowledged had resulted from earlier instructions."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was, Cohn explained that it was both. "Efficiency," he said, "includes complete political reliability. If anyone is interested in the Communists, then he cannot be efficient."

In Rome a new angle came to light. McCarthy, back in Washington, had told the press that they had been sent abroad to bring back a report on the amount of money that had been spent "in putting across the Truman Administration" in Europe. This was news to Cohn, but he was equal to it. "We haven't heard about that," he said, "but anything the chairman of our committee says, if he said it, goes with us."

Apparently they had no purpose beyond McCarthy's continuing one of free-style, catch-as-catch-can harassment. For this, the trip was unnecessary; its victories could have been enjoyed without any traveling at all. Theodore Kaghan had been publicly fingered in the course of the Voice investigation; his days were numbered from the moment McCarthy asked Reed Harris, in the televised hearings, how it happened that he had in the IIA a man, Kaghan, who had twice been refused security clearances. Cohn and Schine merely publicized the unhappy affair. The book burning was not a consequence of the trip; the State Department had begun to pulp, ignite, and donate to charity the offending volumes the moment it learned that McCarthy had developed bibliographic interests. By the time Cohn and Schine got to the libraries, most of them had been thoroughly bowdlerized; what remained to be done scarcely required their attentions. In terms of McCarthyism's own economy, the trip was wholly unnecessary.

Nevertheless, it was richly productive of mischief. Cohn and Schine were a pair to be laughed at, but they made a bitter jest, for they moved about under a crazy-quilted panoply that unmistakably bore, among other devices, the Great Seal of the United States.

The Whispering Gallery

Merely by their well-publicized presence in Europe, Cohn and Schine robbed this republic of some of its dignity. Their statements made matters worse, and some of their actions were very nearly unspeakable. Nothing, perhaps, was worse than their use of European informants to test the loyalty of American personnel.

Once, when Cohn and Schine were teen-agers, an FBI man called on a British subject working in Washington and asked his opinion of the loyalty of an American the Englishman chanced to know. The Englishman drew himself up and said, "Am I to presume, sir, that you mean loyalty to the Crown? In this regard, I would suppose Mr. A to be most deficient."

Among men of principle engaged in the sort of work Cohn and Schine were supposed to be doing, the use of foreign informants is thought to be indefensible except in the most extreme of circumstances. Yet Cohn and Schine consulted many of them. One was a young German journalist, Wolfgang Löhde, who is regarded by both German and American authorities as a careerist in the business of selling political intelligence to anyone who will buy it. Löhde, with whom Cohn and Schine conferred in Munich, is a farily recent émigré from the East Zone but one who, in 1952, signed his name to at least

one Communist "peace" petition in West Germany. Cohn and Schine listened to this man's tales about American government employees.

Another of their informants was a man named Hermann Aumer, a former Bundestag representative who lost his seat in October, 1950, when it was revealed that his vote for a raise in gasoline prices had been purchased by an oil company for a fee of 22,000 marks. As a bribe-taker he was expelled from the ranks of the party he represented, the Bayernpartei. Yet he was requested by Cohn and Schine to brief them on the activities of employees of the United States government in Germany.

Cohn and Schine not only accorded their peculiar informants the privilege of being heard; some they actually deputized for further services. Thus, Herr Aumer informed Americans he met after the departure of Cohn and Schine that he had been assigned by them to report to the McCarthy Committee on any anti-McCarthy articles that appeared in German newspapers that were even partly financed by American funds.

In somewhat similar fashion, Mrs. Hede Massing, the former toast of Vienna, became an authorized representative of the Congress of the United States. Mrs. Massing was in one post-toast stage the wife of Gerhart Eisler, the Cominform agent who jumped bail in this country to become one of the leaders of the Grotewohl Government in East Germany, and she was herself the leader of a Communist spy ring in Washington in the 1930's. Reformed now, she was the companion of Cohn and Schine during their two tours of inspection in Munich and was asked to work for them there.

As a naturalized American, Mrs. Massing had a perfect right to that sort of employment provided she could do the work, and of that there was little doubt. Her association with Cohn and Schine, though, provided an interesting example of the power of good connections with McCarthy. For some six months before the arrival of Cohn and Schine, Mrs. Massing had been trying to carve out a career for herself as a field officer in the cold war. She had had the thought that it would be a fine stunt if the United States High Commission would authorize her to broadcast through the Iron Curtain appeals addressed to her former husband, Herr Eisler, and she had also thought it would be helpful if she lectured in Germany, under American auspices, on the subject of "Com-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

munist Infiltration of the United States Government." As a sometime journalist, she also wished the High Commission to give her access to classified political information within its possession.

The High Commission considered her various requests and decided that the national interest would not be served by granting any of them. This continued to be the High Commission's view even after Mrs. Massing appeared with a letter from Cohn and Schine vouching for her good character and requesting the extension of courtesies. The High Commission, however, is an agency of the Department of State, and shortly after Cohn and Schine's visit, instructions were transmitted from Washington that Mrs. Massing would henceforth be recognized as a representative of the Legislative Branch and that she was immediately to be given access to the classified information she regarded as necessary to her work.

Gumshoes' Progress

Cohn's and Schine's dealings with persons such as Löhde and Aumer were for the most part conducted in private. What made the trip a sensation was the public behavior of the travelers, which was observed and recorded for posterity by as many journalists as normally are assigned only to such eminences as kings, Presidents, Prime Ministers, and Rita Hayworth.

Even their exchanges with hotel clerks were taken down. Checking into the Hotel Excelsior in Munich, they asked for adjoining rooms but insisted that the accommodations be separate. One of them explained to the uncomprehending room clerk, "You see, we don't work for the State Department."

When Cohn and Schine repaired to their hotels, the reporters covered the building like cops preparing to close in on a jewel thief. They did not always learn the identity of visitors—many were skittish about revealing it—but they at least made an accurate count on those using the front stairs and those using the back stairs, and they were able on occasion to put certain statements made on the run by Cohn and Schine into a proper historical perspective. In Bonn on April 6, for example, the

travelers told the press that they had been conferring with "representatives of the German community." As background for this, one reporter cabled his office: "Since they arrived on the night of April fifth, and since all of their meetings and movements then and today are known, it is probable that the 'representatives' referred to are taxi drivers and restaurant waiters, these being the only Germans they have met so far."

Viennese Waltz

Vienna was a typical way station for the investigators. They arrived there by plane from Munich on Friday evening, April 10. (Hede Massing had been at the airport to see them off, and as Cohn and Schine went up the ramp, Cohn shouted down, "So long, Hede. If anything goes wrong, get in touch with Joe!") They stayed in Vienna all day Saturday and into Sunday afternoon. The total elapsed time was forty-one hours, which was slightly above the par of thirty-eight.

Three and a half of the forty-one hours were devoted to the labor of inspections, surveys, and talks with government officials which they explained was their principal business. This was one hour more than they devoted to press conferences. They held their first press conference immediately upon alighting from their plane. At it, Cohn denied the *Abendpost* story about Schine's having hit him on the head. It was, he said, "a pack of lies." He did not try to pretend that he and Schine always saw eye to eye. "We are not always in constant agreement," he said, "but then I am not always in agreement with Senator McCarthy." He did not choose to elaborate on this intriguing assertion. The report that he and Schine had come to blows was, he said, "so fantastic it is really amusing." He then went on to give the routine talk about the purposes of their inquiry, pointing out that the visit to Austria was unique in that they had had no reports of subversion in government agencies there. "Nobody in the State Department projects in Austria has been named before our committee as a possible Communist sympathizer," he said. "We are not trying to get after anybody here. We only want to check on mismanagement and fix any responsibility for it."

After this press conference, Cohn and Schine repaired to their hotel and did not emerge until noon the next day. They had left instructions not to be disturbed on Saturday morning. The newspapermen were hard by in the corridors and observed that their only caller was the Vienna correspondent for Hearst's International News Service, a German. At noon, they paid a twenty-minute call on the American ambassador, who had them given a twenty-minute briefing on the work of the embassy and the information services. Since our information services in Austria are about as elaborate as they are any place in the world—they include the management of Austria's biggest daily newspaper and its leading radio network, as well as the conduct of intensive film, pamphlet, lecturing, and book-publishing programs that reach far into the Soviet occupation zone—time must have imposed a rigorous economy on the briefing officials.

INFORMED and enlightened, *au courant* with diplomacy and psychological warfare on that particular frontier, Cohn and Schine went shopping. Schine visited a tobacconist and added some unusual items to his unusual collection. This, if the correspondents' timing was correct, took an hour and was followed by a latish lunch with two American officials—the editor of the subsidized newspaper and the officer in charge of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the subsidized radio network. The conversation was general, according to subsequent interviews with these men, and could not greatly have augmented Cohn's and Schine's store of information.

THEY NEXT went back to their hotel, leaving it in midafternoon for a tour of the spacious Soviet Information Center. Here their interest, which reporters say had been noticeably lagging, perked up. According to one American reporter's account, Cohn and Schine, "speeding through the cards, discovered that the authors Agnes Smedley and Theodore Dreiser, among others, were represented in the Soviet Information Center's collection. A U.S. escorting officer, pointing out other books in the open shelves, showed them that Mark Twain was also represented.

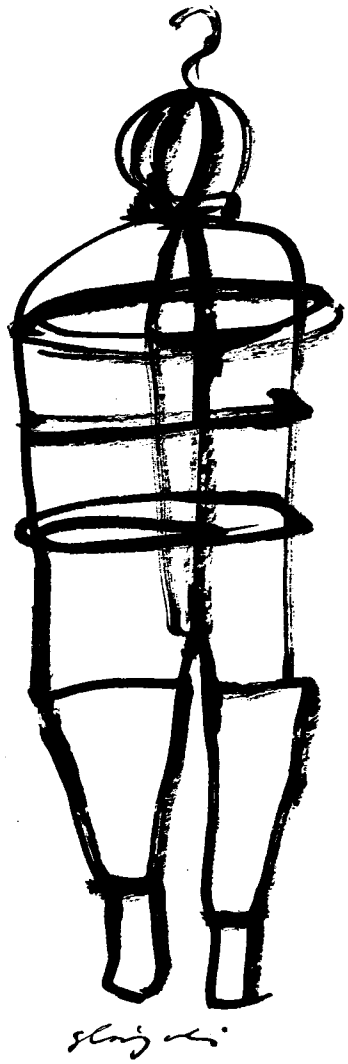
"Then the investigators headed for the U.S. Information Center three blocks away. Cohn and Schine took only a cursory glance at the bookshelves and the lines of customers in front of the circulation desk. As usual they shielded their search from the prying newsmen, but it was clear that they were studying the files for the presence of such authors as had been spotted in the Soviets' card catalogue down the street."

They stopped briefly in the periodicals room, determined that neither the *Freeman* nor the *American Legion Magazine* was available, and complained of these lacks. The man in charge confessed a regrettable ignorance of the existence of the *Freeman* as he scribbled down the name of it; as for the *American Legion Magazine,* he said his view of the matter was that the number of American Legionnaires in Vienna wasn't quite great enough to justify a library subscription. Cohn and Schine also came across the widely respected *Commonweal,* which one of them called a "Communist Catholic magazine."

Invisible Sources

The complete inspection of books and periodicals lasted just a bit less than thirty minutes. Right after it Cohn and Schine held their second Vienna press conference. It was like all the others. The reporters asked, politely, how a combination of ignorance of the subject and half-hour inspections could possibly enable them to form reasonable judgments of our government operations in Vienna. They airily explained that they were supplementing what they had seen and learned with information gathered from reliable "Austrian sources." The press was unable to learn the identity of the Austrian sources; some of its members wondered by what feats of magic they had managed to see any Austrians, since their only known visitor was a German newspaper writer and they had visited no one. They are still wondering.

On Sunday morning nothing was accomplished. Schine stayed in his room, and Cohn went for less than half an hour to the Information Center to read some interoffice memos. Right after that, the travelers went out to the airport and said farewell to lovely Vienna.



The Aldrich O. K.

That was the grand tour. It ended with a visit to London, where the reception was icy. Deeply hurt by the jeering of the British press and by the angry, challenging questions about them in Parliament, they did not look deeply into the workings of the BBC, though it would have been entirely legitimate and possibly most beneficial for them to have done so. They talked for twenty minutes or so with one BBC official, Hugh Carleton Greene; conferred briefly with our Ambassador, Winthrop Aldrich; and gave the world one last belly laugh by announcing in regard to the latter, "for a man who has been here only two months, he seems to have grasped the problems very well." They got out of London fast and flew back to McCarthy.

As of the moment, Cohn and Schine are still at McCarthy's right hand and in charge of his investigation of exchange students. But the newspapers have reported the imminence of change. Dr. J. B. Matthews, new Executive Director of McCarthy's committee, is reported to have been discouraged at the chaotic condition of the committee's staff. Howard Rushmore, the Hearst newspaperman who has been in charge of the committee's research department, has been telling his friends that he will be leaving soon and that Cohn and Schine know so little about Communist conspiracy as to be almost totally useless. Questioned by reporters, Schine has not denied the possibility of his early leavetaking.

Already, however, new vistas are opening up for Schine. While still formally working for McCarthy, Schine has for the past month or so been spending much of his time as an adviser to Dr. Robert L. Johnson, the former advertising director of Time, Inc., who now heads the Voice of America. Dr. Johnson inherited a badly shattered organization and needs help in reshaping it. That is where Schine comes in. He is helping Dr. Johnson, he said the other day, to select personnel to carry out, in that branch of the government, the bold new policy the Eisenhower Administration hopes to advance.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The McCarthyization Of Theodore Kaghan

Wide World

THEODORE KAGHAN

On February 28, 1953, at a hearing before Senator McCarthy's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, James F. Thompson, Facilities Manager of the Voice of America, stated that Theodore Kaghan, Acting Deputy Director of the Public Affairs Division of HICOG *(U.S. High Commission, Germany), did not have security clearance to work for the Voice, that his office was responsible for "inordinate delays," and that he was one of "a bunch of pseudo-Americans." Kaghan's March 9 cable requesting a hearing was not acted upon by the State Department.*

On April 5 Roy M. Cohn and Gerard David Schine, investigators for the subcommittee, arrived in Bonn during their tour of U.S. propaganda agencies abroad. While in Germany Mr. Cohn made it clear that he considered Mr. Kaghan Communistically inclined.

On April 28, April 29, and May 5, Mr. Kaghan was finally allowed to appear before the subcommittee in Washington. On May 11, while he was flying back to Bonn, it was revealed that the "State Department had accepted his resignation."

On May 28 some 250 friends of Mr. Kaghan's, including Dr. James B. Conant, U.S. High Commissioner for Germany, appeared at a farewell testimonial party for him. A number of the guests were subsequently asked to provide lists of the people they saw there.

The following is Mr. Kaghan's account of the events leading to his resignation.

WHEN the news first reached me in Bonn that I had been mentioned at a hearing of the McCarthy Committee as a security risk, I took the matter lightly. It was the last day of February, and I assumed that within a few days everything would be straightened out. I knew that I had been cleared for loyalty and security, and I waited for the Department of State to send me some kind of instructions, advice, or information. I was so sure that nothing serious could come of the irresponsible charges that had been made against me and Ed Schechter, my Vienna-born radio chief, that I airily pooh-poohed Schechter's alarm. The Department will clear it up, I told him; take it easy; our records speak for themselves.

The Department said nothing and cleared up nothing. After waiting more than a week, I sent a cable to the Department, dated March 9, saying that Schechter and I had refrained from individual action on the allegations against us pending Departmental instructions. In view of the absence of such instructions, the cable continued, we wished to be heard by the McCarthy Committee at the earliest opportunity. No answer. Two weeks passed without a peep. I had several occasions to speak to Public Affairs people in Washington on the telephone during that period, and invariably asked, among other things, about an answer to my cable. Their replies were guarded, to put it kindly, but it was made clear that action on the matter was beyond the competence of the International Information Administration people who dealt with Germany.

Finally I told Sam Reber, the Deputy High Commissioner for Germany, who was taking off for Washington about two weeks after I had sent my cable, that he could tell the powers that be that unless I heard something from them within a few days I would cable the McCarthy Committee directly to ask for a hearing. Schechter joined me in telling this to Reber, who was at all times most sympathetic.

A day or two after Reber arrived in Washington a cable came in answer to mine of March 9. It said, in substance, that Schechter's case and mine were under review and that we would be advised of any action taken. Both Schechter and I considered it a highly unsatisfactory reply, but being good State Department bureaucrats of long standing, we followed the order to stay put and shut up. Meanwhile our names slid in and out of the news.

THEN CAME Cohn and Schine. We in HICOG were advised of their arrival by a cable from the State Department sent simultaneously to Paris, Frankfurt, Berlin, Bonn, Munich, and Vienna. Cohn and Schine wanted, the cable said, to consult with top Public Affairs people at all points.

When the cable arrived, the Director of Public Affairs, Alfred Boerner, was on leave. He had taken off alone in his car a day or two before, headed for Italy. In view of the fact that Cohn and Schine might be embarrassed to find that I, as Deputy, was in charge of the operations in Germany, it was decided to try to find Boerner and call him back. The decision was made by the Executive Director of HICOG, Glenn Wolfe, and Reber in consultation with me. (High Commissioner James B. Conant was in the United States with Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.) Boerner's wife and I were the only ones who knew that he was going to

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the villa of a friend in Italy. I called there, but Boerner hadn't arrived.

Word reached Bonn on April 4 that Cohn and Schine would arrive the following day, Easter Sunday, by plane from Paris. Boerner was still eluding us, and I was therefore slated to be Acting Director of the Public Affairs Division of the U.S. High Commission, Germany, when the visitors arrived.

Public Affairs covers all information and cultural activities engaged in by the State Department and pretends to include all the information activities engaged in by the Mutual Security Agency too, but doesn't. Here I was, then, recently slandered in public as a security risk, ready to receive Senator McCarthy's scouts and explain the Information program to them.

That night I called a special meeting of the top Public Affairs staff to tell them about the next day's party and to advise them to comport themselves as they had before and would again with other investigators from Washington. We would brief Cohn and Schine in the normal manner, and each division and branch chief would be called upon to explain his operations if and as necessary to backstop anything I covered too lightly. This small group of responsible officials were to answer all questions except those having to do with matters of personal security. Such questions, they were told, were to be referred to the Security people. Jim Hoofnagle, the general manager for Public Affairs and the No. 3 man in the organization, was assigned to meet Cohn and Schine at the Godesberg Hotel on their arrival later that night. Everyone else departed for home.

Two Hungry Youngsters

Cohn and Schine were met at the Rhine-Main Airport near Frankfurt in the evening of Easter Sunday, April 5, by Bill Monticone, chief of HICOG's Reception Bureau. Monticone's job is to meet important visitors, arrange for billets, transportation, appointments, etc., and also to take care of new employees coming from the States or elsewhere outside Germany to new assignments. Monticone met Cohn and Schine, got their luggage, put them into a State Department car, and drove with them to Bad Godesberg, about a hundred miles northwest, on the west bank of the Rhine near Bonn.

During the two-and-a-half-hour drive, Monticone said later, Cohn and Schine asked all kinds of questions about any number of people, including me and also others who were no longer with HICOG. Monticone had little information to offer them, since he was not in the Office of Public Affairs and knew little about it or its personnel. Later, at my hearings in Washington, McCarthy made much of the fact that I had assigned Monticone to trail his "detail," as he called them, and I had to explain endlessly that Monticone did not work for me and that I had not assigned him nor did I receive any reports from him.

WHEN the party finally arrived at the Godesberg Hotel around 11 P.M., Hoofnagle was waiting for them. He introduced himself and offered his services. Their first request was for food. Hoofnagle took them to the Adler, the only restaurant likely to be open at that late hour, where Cohn and Schine ate about twenty-five dollars' worth of à la carte dishes. Monticone and Hoofnagle had some coffee to be sociable.

While they ate, Cohn and Schine, but mainly Cohn, fired questions at Hoofnagle. They were mostly questions about people, although there were some about what people were doing. They seemed to have only a vague idea of what Public Affairs was all about; once in a while one or the other of them would pull a piece of paper out of his pocket and ask about a name thereon. One of their more noticeable tricks consisted of one of them asking a question about somebody, whereupon just as the answer was forthcoming the other would say, "Never mind, we'll get to that later on." Then they'd ask another question, and bounce off that as soon as the answer started. It was the familiar McCarthy technique, but none of us knew that at the time.

Wide World

Cohn

The boys finished eating about 1 A.M. and left Hoofnagle to pay the bill. This bill later became the subject of some newspaper comment which irritated Cohn to the point where he paid the money back to Monticone toward the end of the visit to Germany. It is only fair to assume, however, that the investigators didn't have any Deutschmarks on them when they came to Germany and their first check would have to be picked up by their hosts; the next day they drew MSA money.

Before leaving them, Hoofnagle told them that the Public Affairs staff would be ready to brief them the first thing in the morning at the office. Cohn and Schine indicated they would be happy to avail themselves of the opportunity, although they hinted they might be sleeping late.

THE NEXT morning the Public Affairs staff, as well as a number of other people with related interests, were up bright and early and ready to talk.

It soon developed that Cohn and Schine were in no hurry to come to the headquarters. By ten-thirty we learned that they would show up in the Executive Director's office by eleven. We later learned that they used some of the morning to pump what they thought would be a disgruntled and "friendly" witness whom they had summoned to their hotel. This highly placed Public Affairs official wasn't the most contented person on the staff, but he turned out to be a man with principles and he was not of much use to them. They were particularly interested in what he would say about me, but they didn't get much of the type of information they wanted, so after making a few stabs at other people,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they dismissed him and came to headquarters.

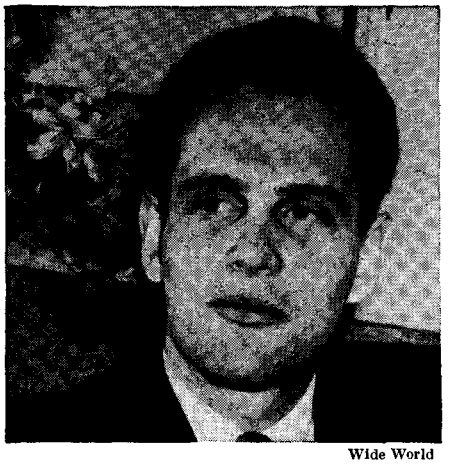
In what may have been haste to make up for lost time, Schine came away in mismated trousers and jacket. He noticed this later and sent back to the hotel for the right trousers, an incident that was subsequently reported in the German press. It was after changing his trousers in the office of the Executive Director that Schine noticed he was missing a wallet and accusingly asked the Executive Director and his Deputy if they knew anything about it. Then followed a few minutes of looking under desks, chairs, sofas, and rugs by a couple of $14,000-a-year executives. The wallet was later found on the Rhine River ferry landing and returned intact.

Cohn and Schine spent an hour or more with the Executive Director and then paid a brief courtesy call on the Acting High Commissioner. Before lunch I learned they had set up a press conference for 3 P.M., and that they, or rather Cohn, had informed Wolfe that he did not intend to see me at all. As for the Public Affairs briefing, they said they would talk individually to the several division and branch chiefs, as time permitted. They had to catch a 5 P.M. plane to Berlin, which meant they had to leave headquarters at about 4:15. I told my staff to go home and check back after lunch. And I began to worry.

The cause of my worry was that Wolfe had informed me that they had asked him a number of questions about me in their own unique manner, which means they asked him things like didn't he know I was a Communist, a question Cohn would rephrase into the less answerable "Communistically inclined." First throw a handful of mud, then scrape some off apologetically, like a nice fellow, and then say, "Doesn't he look dirty?" After all this probing about me, after coming all the distance to Germany, they were going to pass me by and let me stew. They would see Schechter, they told Wolfe, but not me.

The Summons

I was not shy in letting the American correspondents who were invited to the press conference know about this



Wide World

Schine

investigating technique. I thought it would appear as strange to them as it did to me. Cohn discovered that they did think it strange, because the press conference, though very short, had a lot of questions about Kaghan in it, and the end result was that Cohn blurted out, toward the end, "Well, I guess you fellows have convinced me that I ought to talk to Kaghan."

Word reached me immediately and I set out for Wolfe's office, where the visitors were holding court. I arrived after Schechter had been interviewed briefly and had been told pleasantly that there was no question about his loyalty but that there was some question about his security; however, he was advised not to worry.

I was invited in a few minutes before four. We shook hands around the conference table. Wolfe sat to one side at his own desk. Beside me sat Hoofnagle; across the table sat Cohn and Schine. Cohn did the talking. I don't recall Schine's saying a word.

Cohn started off by saying he understood I wanted to see them but since they had been so well briefed on the Information operations by Hoofnagle they didn't see what point there was in discussing them further. However, was there anything else in particular I wanted to talk about?

"If you have the Information picture," I said, "perhaps we could talk about my case. My name has been kicked around at your committee hearings."

"Certainly," said Cohn. "What would you like to say about your case? Would you like to make a statement?"

"No," I said, "I don't want to make any statements. I thought, since you've come all this way, you might like to ask me some questions."

I noticed, after the first exchange of words, that I was confronted by two young men who looked vaguely familiar. I had never met them, but they weren't the strange and terrible men I had been led to expect. My pulse slowed down and I lost the sense of being interrogated. These are only a couple of kids, I said to myself, with a few differences. Cohn doesn't look at you; he looks all around you, as though he isn't really interested in you, as though he were just testing, trying out his questions on you to see how they might fit the next guy to come up.

"All right," Cohn said. "Some questions. Did you or did you not sign a Communist Party nominating petition in 1939?"

My first impulse was to say "Yes," but I ignored it. "The answer to that question," I said, "is in the FBI files in Washington."

"What do you mean, in the FBI files?" Cohn shot back. "What kind of an answer is that?"

"I answered that question for the FBI," I said, "when I went to work for the government and later when I answered questions by the Loyalty and Security Board of the State Department. It's all in the record."

"That's no answer," said Cohn. "You said you would answer questions, and here you are refusing to answer the first question."

I felt I had made a bad start. "I've answered that before, so I suppose I can answer it again," I said. I then said I had signed such a petition.

Why? Cohn wanted to know. Because, I said, I thought any American had the right to be on the ballot where the voter could make his own choice. In those days, I said, I thought a Communist represented a minority party, legally entitled to be on the ballot, and I had put my name to this petition because, as I dimly remembered it, some dirty work was afoot to keep a man off the ballot and I didn't believe in dirty

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work at the polls. I therefore helped get him on the ballot, I said, even though I didn't vote for him.

The Needle

Cohn went to the next question, and then to a few others, mostly about my background, as I recall. Then the stock one: "Name the Communists you knew back in the 1930's."

"Not here," I said. "I knew a Communist, or someone I assume was a Communist, but I won't bandy names around here in this room. Put me before the committee and I'll tell you about the Communist I knew."

Cohn turned to Wolfe. "He doesn't want to answer questions," he said petulantly. Then, to me. "You're not being co-operative, you know. I wouldn't call you co-operative."

I said I would be glad to co-operate with the committee if given the opportunity to appear. Why, then, Cohn said, didn't I ask to appear? I have asked, I said. We never heard of the request, said Cohn. It went through channels, I said, looking at Wolfe. He had been my channel, and had signed the cable I had drafted. He now confirmed that the request had been made. Why don't I make another one, directly to the committee? Cohn asked. "I have to stay in channels," I said, still the naïve and faithful Foreign Service officer. There followed a little discussion between Cohn and Wolfe, with everybody standing up ready to leave, about who should pay for my trip to Washington to testify, the State Department or the McCarthy Committee. Our Executive Director was very conscious of things like that, which was probably why he had not told Cohn that morning that I had asked to be heard by the Committee.

Plane time was now upon them, so Cohn and Schine bade everybody good-by. Monticone was waiting for them in the outer office to accompany them to Berlin. I shook hands with Cohn as he left. "Hope to see you soon in Washington," I said. "The sooner the better."

"You will if I have anything to do with it," said Cohn.

THINGS were comparatively quiet for the next twenty-four hours, although now the German press was beginning to warm up. Before Cohn and Schine were to leave Germany, the press of the Left, Right, and Center and radio commentators of all stripes were to find in them living proof of the fact that the evils of the police state were as present in the United States in 1953 as they had been in Germany in 1933. And what's more, the symbol of this evil was a couple of brash young Jews! Some segments of the German press were so taken with this situation that they ignored the fact that I too was Jewish.

When Cohn and Schine were leaving Berlin for Frankfurt after a one-day stay, they gave the press the benefit of their discoveries in a brief conference at Tempelhof Airfield. Without any noticeable urging, Cohn announced that one of the results of his trip was the discovery of a man named Kaghan in Bonn. Kaghan, he told the press, had such strong Communistic inclinations that a phone call to Senator McCarthy earlier in the day had confirmed his opinion

that the seriousness of the matter called for getting Kaghan back to the United States.

This news was phoned to me from Berlin. It was also phoned to Acting High Commissioner Reber by Monticone through Wolfe. Reber phoned me early in the evening and suggested that matters had reached the disturbing point where Washington ought to be informed.

I booked a call to Washington, to the director of German Public Affairs in the International Information Administration, Mildred Allen, who has since resigned.

Coining a Phrase

I realized at this point that the relationship between the State Department and me was about to undergo a radical and probably irrevocable metamorphosis. I felt, as a propagandist, that Cohn had me boxed in with his statement in Berlin and that unless I did something to top it I would indeed be brought back in chains, prejudged and guilty in the eyes of the public. I would be just another State Department culprit protesting his innocence and trying desperately to scrape the mud off himself before appearing on the stage. To break the Cohn frame, however, meant being a little rude, a little belligerent, and a little undiplomatic. It meant, in short, reacting like a free and independent American citizen who has been slandered, and not like a Foreign Service officer replying in measured tones that would make paragraph six of a six-paragraph story. So I wrote out a couple of lines for a statement to be used if anybody asked me, and the phrase "junketeering gumshoes" practically wrote itself in.

Soon the Washington call came through, and besides Mildred Allen, there were two other dignitaries on the other end. I described the situation. They all sounded very much interested but it was obvious that not only their hands but also their tongues were tied. They murmured their alarm and sympathy and hoped I wouldn't do anything rash. I assured them I would, in that I was about to make a statement that would not be well received in Washington, but that I had weighed the cost and had decided to take care of myself.

I had just finished this conversation when the phone rang. It was a call from Frankfurt asking if I had any comment on Mr. Cohn's remarks. I had, I said, if the reporter, who happened to be Art Noyes of the Washington *Times-Herald,* had a pencil. I was out of channels and on my own.

From there on I tried almost daily to get back to Washington on invitational orders so that I could begin

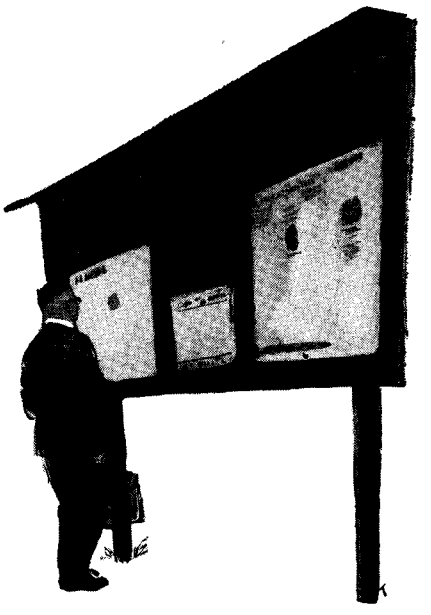
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preparing my case for the inevitable showdown before the McCarthy Committee. I thought I had a pretty good case, on the record, but I was not yet aware of the complete abandonment the ship had undergone back home. I still clung to the hope that when I got through showing McCarthy and everybody else in Washington what I had accomplished in the last ten years, they would say "Excuse it, please" and send me back to get on with it. You can see how far out of touch with realities we in Germany were.

Meanwhile Cohn and Schine in Frankfurt read what I had said and phoned Reber in high indignation. Cohn demanded to know what he was going to do about me. Reber told them that I had spoken as a private individual answering a personal attack, and much as he regretted the situation, there was nothing he could do officially. He suggested they straighten the matter out in Washington, where, he reminded them, I had been trying to appear for some time for that very purpose. Actually, Reber had been appalled by my statement, but I had made it without referring it to him or anyone else for clearance.

The German press, presented with a new Americanism variously translated as "traveling snoopers," "rubber-soled sneaks," and "gum-soled creeps," now pulled out all the stops. McCarthyism hit Europe with a loud and echoing bang. Overnight what had been a curious American domestic phenomenon became a matter of considerable political moment in Europe. Paris, Bonn, Vienna, Rome, Athens, Belgrade, and London stared in fascination at what appeared to be the American manifestation of a political monster supposedly destroyed in Europe. The story of their junket has been given at length in the press, but I like to think I tied a can to the tails of Cohn and Schine that clattered behind them from one end of Europe to the other.

Most State Department people in Germany felt bad not only about Cohn and Schine but also about my description of them. Neither, they felt, was good for the United States, and *I'm afraid they were right. Given* one, however, I thought the other was called for, and since my return



from Washington I have found the balance of opinion tipped sharply in my favor.

Return to Washington

I now tried to get to Washington before Cohn and Schine returned, but it was not until Dr. Conant came back to Bonn from the States that I got any action. He called Washington at my request and within twenty-four hours obtained permission for me to return. By then, however, Cohn and Schine were waiting for me.

I arrived in Washington on Monday morning, April 27, and reported directly to Arthur Kimball, the man who only a couple of weeks before had replaced Reed Harris as Deputy Administrator of the International Information Administration under Dr. Robert L. Johnson.

I had known Kimball for several years, before he or the IIA had had any direct authority over the German Public Affairs program. Our relationship had never been good because I had in the past openly questioned his judgment in certain matters affecting the German program. I had, moreover, recommended the dismissal of a high official he had sent to Germany and whom he was still backing there at considerable cost, in my opinion, to the U.S. taxpayer. He was, however, politely appreciative of my consideration and good judgment in reporting to him.

Over a cup of coffee brewed in the private lavatory off his office, Kimball told me his version of what had happened when my name first came up at the Voice of America hearings and how he and the Department's other security man had come to an impasse with Reed Harris, who said I was cleared—an impasse that made McCarthy call for my security file. The details are uninteresting, but I assume McCarthy got the files later when his candidate, Scott McLeod, was appointed to the security post.

I left Kimball as soon as possible and moved into an office in another building where the German Public Affairs people were housed. Here my reception was much more cordial, but there was a barely noticeable undercurrent of apprehension that perhaps I had a communicable political disease it would be better not to get too close to. I must say, though, that the current was not strong enough to keep people in the lower echelons from pitching in to do all the work I had to get done to prepare my defense. The upper echelons, as usual, had other things to worry about.

The news that I had arrived in Washington was in the papers, and by 5:30 P.M. Cohn's office had gotten word to me, through the Security office, that my hearing would be at 2 P.M. the following day. My hopes of having a little time to talk things over with advisers, to find an attorney if I should decide to use one, and to prepare material were being quickly and effectively dashed. Moreover, although the IIA people knew of the hearing, no one thought to call to offer advice or assistance—except Kimball, who called to tell me not to talk to the press. "We're not handling it that way," he said.

AT ABOUT nine that evening, Cohn reached me by phone. He was sorry, he said, but the members of the subcommittee had so many other things scheduled for the next day that they were forced to advance the time of my hearing to 11 A.M.

"Two o'clock was bad enough," I told Cohn, "but you don't even want to give me a chance to make a few phone calls, do you? Are you afraid I might prepare some defense for myself?"

"Oh," Cohn said, "is that cutting

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it too short? Of course, you've known for some weeks you'd be coming, so I had assumed you prepared yourself in Germany. After all," he continued, playing the part of a taxpayer, "the State Department has paid your way over here and we thought we should get things over with as fast as possible so you can get back."

I told him that I considered the move to eleven dirty pool, since I had appointments with people who might be able to help me, and I would appreciate his moving it back to two. Well, he said, all right; he guessed he could get the Senators to agree. And besides, he added, the Chairman hadn't been told about the change to eleven yet, so perhaps it would be all right. "Let's leave it for two, then," he said graciously. "Closed session, Room 357 in the Senate Office Building."

The next morning, at ten minutes past ten, while I was organizing some documents in my office, Cohn's office called. Mr. Cohn regrets, the girl said, that he has been unable to change the time of the session as he had hoped, and the hearing will be at eleven. Fortunately, I was practically as ready as I could be that day, and I sallied forth, taking with me the Public Affairs Adviser to the Bureau of German Affairs, Henry Kellermann. The night before, Cohn had told me he would seek permission for me have someone from the Bureau present in lieu of legal counsel.

McCarthy's Terrible Oath

Naturally I was quite tense as I sat in the hearing room with Kellermann waiting for the session to begin. First came Cohn and Schine with a few clerks, then some Senators, and then McCarthy, carrying a newspaper. The room had a dais at one end and around half the sides, but the committee grouped itself around the tables just below, where we were all on the same level. At the public hearings the dais was used, with the committee above and the witnesses below.

When everybody was assembled, McCarthy called my name and he and I stood up. With a newspaper spread out on the table before him, his right hand raised and his left turning its pages as he glanced through it, he asked me, without once raising his eyes, whether I swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I was thus put under oath. The Senator pushed the newspaper aside.

For the most part the secret session was similar to the public sessions and covered much the same ground, with one remarkable difference: Most of the other Senators at the secret session were friendly. They asked honest questions. Only McCarthy and Cohn (Schine was mute, as usual) asked the same kind of questions they asked at the public hearings, the ones with the sticky insinuations that honest answers couldn't scrape off fast enough. But the rest of the committeemen, behind closed doors and with no voters present in person or by proxy through the mass media, were decent. In the public sessions I found no Senator willing to let the facts speak for themselves and for me. Where my record of anti-Communist activities in Europe had seemed to receive respect in the closed session, at the open sessions everybody on the dais seemed to concentrate on the fact that I had associated with Communists in the 1930's in New York City and that I couldn't remember their names. The fact that I hadn't belonged to any Communist cell and therefore hadn't known who was really a Communist and who wasn't in those days seemed to make no difference. To assure a friendly response in public from a Senator, I had to buy him with names, and I didn't have any names to offer beyond the one Communist I was sure of.

One thing that surprised me, both at the closed and open sessions, was McCarthy's pleasure in bringing up the business of the "junketeering gumshoes." I got the distinct impression that he was deliberately trying to make Cohn and Schine uncomfortable, and I think he succeeded. He had made so much of the "gumshoe" details in the secret hearing, and I had spoken so earnestly of the damage Cohn and Schine had done to U. S. prestige and leadership potential abroad, that I thought he would not bring the matter up again at the public hearings. I was amazed when he did.

It was here that Cohn became most excited and told how unwelcome the presence of Monticone had been. At this point I unfortunately forgot to produce the photostat of the cover of McCarthy's book, *McCarthyism, the Fight for America,* which Cohn had inscribed to Monticone thus: "To Bill Monticone, with much appreciation for all his courtesies to us, and the hope that possession of this book doesn't get him court-martialed at that friendly, hospitable, Republican Empire of Bonn—Roy Cohn."

'You Can't Be Too Careful'

It was after the first session with McCarthy that I began to get the full flavor of the atmosphere in the State Department. My telephone conversations, usually overheard by several people in or near my office, invariably brought the urgent admonition: "You ought to be more careful. The phones are tapped, you know."

I thought it not unlikely that some phones might be tapped, but I refused to believe that *all* phones were tapped. Moreover, there wasn't anything I was saying that could be considered harmful to the best interests of the United States. I told my apprehensive colleagues that I had no objection to the Department tapping its own phones for security reasons, but that what I had to say about Senator McCarthy, Cohn and Schine, and McCarthyism and what I hoped to do about it was as yet not treasonable and I would continue to talk freely on or off the telephone. "You haven't been back here

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long enough," was the general reaction. "Just wait."

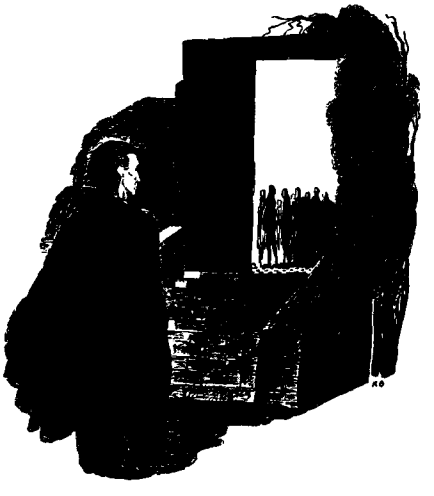
I didn't have long to wait. One State Department official, a well-placed man with long years of experience, came to see me between hearings, telling me that he had advice for me on how to handle my problem. I said I was ready to listen to anybody's good advice but couldn't promise to take it. My would-be adviser then picked up a pencil and wrote on a pad: "Let's get out of here. This place is wired."

I looked up incredulously at the man, but he appeared so serious that I took a walk around the block with him. He protested, in the clear, bright sun of Washington as we walked around the huge new State Department Building, that I was being naïve and reckless. "You've been away a long time," he said. "You just don't know what's happened here. McLeod has taken this place over for McCarthy. Nothing happens, nothing is said, that McLeod doesn't get almost immediately. People don't even talk at staff meetings any longer. They've discovered that an opinion which is nonconformist, which questions the advisability or usefulness of any particular line of argument or propaganda that may be popular with the inexperienced new people, is reported to McLeod's office. The whole organization is penetrated by opportunists who are trying to buy their way up with bootlicking and informing where before they couldn't move up without ability and competence. Nobody trusts anybody, so everybody keeps his mouth shut and waits. And nobody knows what he's waiting for. Except," the man added (and I got this from many others in Washington before I left), "except maybe the word from Eisenhower that he intends to run his own government and foreign policy."

The words above are not verbatim quotes, but they represent an accurate report not only of the attitude of the man with whom I was walking around the block but that of innumerable others, both in Washington and at the Voice of America in New York. Even though I don't believe my office was wired, the fact that the idea could exist is a commentary on the atmosphere in which it was born.

It was about this time, when the fright of the people in the State Department began to penetrate my foreign-service optimism and to chill my American insides, that I decided to resign as soon as the hearings were over and I could get back to Germany to get my personal affairs settled. The lack of leadership in the Department, the presence in high Information posts of people I considered incompetent, the abject submission to McCarthy and McLeod, and the utter lack of any fight among my old associates all contributed to my conclusion that the sooner the separation took place between the State Department and me, the better. I felt confident I could come through the hearings all right and resign unsmeared.

In the week between my second and third hearings I stayed in Washington working up evidence of my anti-Communist and anti-Soviet role in Austria and Germany. While I worked, I saw several friends in high and low places in the Department resign quietly. There was nothing about these people in the newspapers. They just resigned in despair, and their despair communicated itself to others who would soon be resigning and who would take with them the kind of experience only years of hard work could give. It should be said, too, that the people who are leaving are not the free riders with whom the Information program is loaded; they are the experienced executives who have regarded their work for the government as a privilege and have performed it with a sense of mission for which the new people coming in or those who move up may not have a substitute.



Kaghan's Choice

The day before my third hearing, May 4, Kimball phoned me. It was the first I had heard from him since he told me not to talk to the press the day I arrived. I went over to his office to find that he had moved up to an air-conditioned suite. Its disadvantage, he told me when I remarked on the improvement, was that it had no private lavatory where he could brew coffee.

We quickly got to the point—my resignation. I would understand, Kimball said, that under the circumstances my continued employment was not feasible. He had heard, he said, that I intended to resign anyhow. True, I said, but not here and now now, not while the hearings are still going on. Well, said Kimball, if I would just write out my resignation, effective at some future date after my return to Germany, he would keep it under lock and key until then and nothing would be said about it.

I told him I wouldn't dream of putting anything in writing until the hearings were over. Tomorrow, I said, there is another hearing. I have fine material from Austria, from Germany, from the front lines of the anti-Soviet cold war. Why should I resign now and have McCarthy call off that hearing because he could publicly announce that I had resigned under fire?

Kimball didn't put up much of an argument on that day, but he did mention the fact that Scott McLeod's office would prefer to have my resignation in writing and in advance. He could fix it up with McLeod, he said, to keep the matter quiet until I was back in Germany. All he was worried about, he said, was answering to the General Accounting Office, which might question my return at government expense when my resignation was in process. But, he said, he understood my disinclination to resign before the hearings were over, and he would tell McLeod what my position was. He couldn't promise anything, he said.

It was at this point that I told Kimball that if it would do him any good I might consider giving him a letter

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of intent to resign after my return to Germany, but that I would have to consult a lawyer first. Kimball said he would pass that suggestion on to McLeod too. Kimball, in effect, appeared to have absolutely no power. He was, however, an excellent conductor of messages.

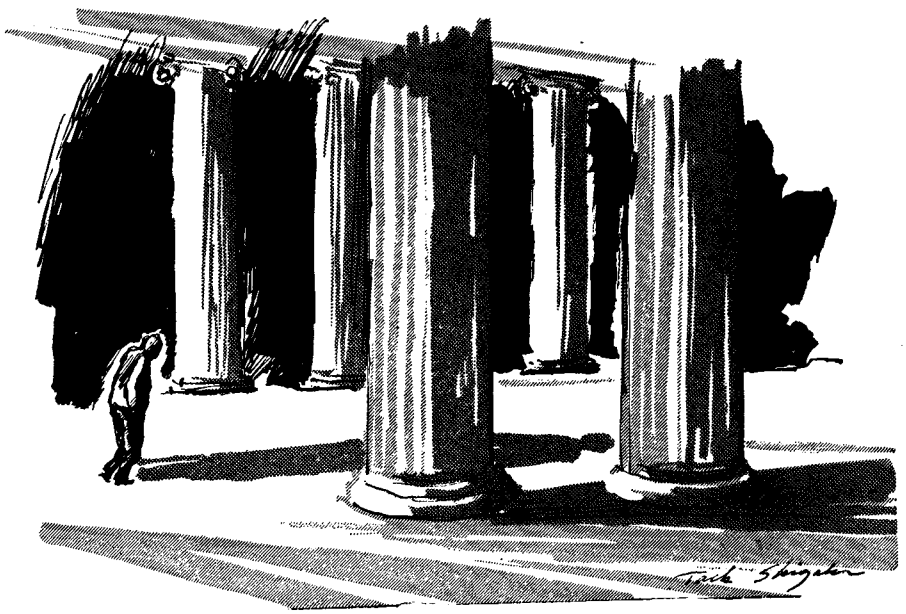
THE NEXT morning came hearing No. 3, at which I proved that the so-called Communistically inclined plays I had written eighteen and twenty years ago were in fact plays that rejected Communism as a way out for the United States during the depression. I also made a few other points about my loyalty and security clearance, my fight against Communism and Soviet imperialism abroad, and what other front-line fighters against Communism thought about my role in the battle. Readers of different newspapers received varying impressions of who won the round, but when it was over I thought I had. I was somewhat amused to notice that at this hearing Cohn was not permitted to throw any questions at me at all. He whispered to McCarthy and answered McCarthy's questions to him, but he didn't say anything to me directly. I like to think it was because he had so obviously fumbled his role the preceding week when Senator McClellan had openly questioned the wisdom of Cohn and Schine's trip with its numerous press conferences.

That afternoon I was summoned again to Kimball's office. I did not know whether McCarthy was through with me or not, but Kimball did. McLeod's office had just phoned, he said, to tell him to tell me that McCarthy was finished with me. I told him I was glad to hear that and would make immediate plans to return to Germany.

Mr. McLeod, said Kimball, insists that unless you resign in writing now, effective on your return to Germany, the Department will be forced to bring new security charges against you under the new security regulations. I reminded Kimball that those regulations didn't go into effect until May 27, by which time I would have given my resignation to Conant in Germany. Well, said Kimball, the Secretary has the authority under Public Law 733 to separate anyone from the service anyhow, and he might use that expedient if necessary. Even though, I asked, I have loyalty and security clearance, with a post-audit by the President's Review Board? The Secretary, said Kimball woodenly, has the authority under Public Law 733.

The new charges, Kimball continued, should be here by now. McLeod said he was sending them over by messenger. Kimball got up and asked his secretary outside if anything had arrived, but nothing had. Maybe they'll be over in the morning, he said. He would call me as soon as the document arrived, he said, and we parted.

The next morning I went to Kimball's office again. He had an envelope in his hand. "I'm not sure I want to see those new charges," I said, having talked to my lawyer. "They're not new charges," said Kimball. "It's worse."



The Orders

The "worse" was a memorandum from McLeod to Kimball stating that the Security Office was recommending to the Assistant Secretary for Administration, Mr. Lourie, that I be separated as a security risk at the earliest opportunity. As soon as the action was completed, the memo said, Kimball would be advised. I read the paper carefully twice. Kimball said something about his having apparently misunderstood McLeod the day before, because he had thought there was going to be a list of new charges, but here was the memo and there were no new charges. Kimball was so obviously flustered by the fact that signals had been crossed that I felt a little sorry for him.

"Mr. McLeod assures me," Kimball now said, "that if your resignation is tendered by the end of the day, action on this separation notice will be discontinued." In other words, he went on, if I didn't resign that afternoon I would be "separated" and thus deprived of return passage to Germany. This course, he admitted, would be unpleasant for me, since he knew how I felt about going back to Germany to arrange my personal affairs and get the family packed up, but that's the way things were.

All I could say was what was running through my head. "Art," I said, "Where are we, in Washington or in Moscow?"

"You want to resign anyhow,"

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kimball said, ignoring my remark, "so why not give me your resignation worded in such a way as to make it effective on your return to Germany? Then," he added, with no apparent shame, "I can assure McLeod's office that we have it and you can go back and settle your private affairs. As soon as you arrive, we'll cable acceptance of the resignation and you can make your final arrangements with HICOG."

This, I said, would make a nice story for the press. Resign or we'll ship your children with the trunks. Kimball said he didn't think it would do anybody any good to give the story to the papers. In any event, I said, I would have to consult my attorney again, and in addition, I said, I would like to discuss it with Jimmy Riddleberger, chief of the political desk. At the mention of Riddleberger, Kimball was struck with the thought that he had forgotten to "clear" and "co-ordinate" an action of possible political significance. He phoned Riddleberger immediately and told him I would be bringing over a piece of paper which he should have. The piece of paper was a copy of McLeod's memo.

IT WAS from Jimmy Riddleberger that I got the only impression of courage in Washington, but there was actually nothing he could do besides letting certain people know what he thought of them. The McCarthy-McLeod conspiracy was too far ahead of him and there was no support behind him. After talking things over with him and a few other indignant but stymied friends and with my lawyer, I decided to give Kimball my resignation, effective after my return to Germany.

Kimball promised, as I left him that afternoon, that nothing would leak from his office or from McLeod's office until I had arrived in Germany, where I could announce my own resignation. To the very last, the McCarthy contingent performed consistently. I was in the air, en route back to Bonn, when the news got out. When my plane landed in Frankfurt, the reporters were waiting. For the first time I felt really glad that I had resigned.

Voices Within the Voice

PHILIP HORTON

THE shambles that has recently been made of the U. S. information and propaganda services has shown *what* Senator Joseph R. McCarthy can do to a government agency, but the resultant welter of headlines and news dispatches never made clear just *how* it was done. The *how* is important because it involves a technique that the Senator can use against any government agency that happens to meet with his displeasure. Stated bluntly, it involves encouraging petty espionage against their own organization by government employees, who, in the Voice of America, described themselves as "the Loyal American Underground."

The phrase is not new. It was used not long ago by Alfred Kohlberg, the man who proudly claims sole proprietorship of the China Lobby, when he spoke of the "pro-American underground" in the State Department which was presumably keeping him informed of "treason" in that body. More recently it was used by Howard Rushmore, the former Hearst feature writer who is now Research Director of the McCarthy Committee, in praise of J. B. Matthews, a Hearst confrere, now Executive Director of that committee, whom he hailed as the "Mr. Anti-Communist" of the "American underground." The well-publicized leaks from government offices to Senator McCarthy's staff suggest that the term is not an empty phrase. What happened in the New York offices of the Voice of America revealed some of the more alarming inner workings of this new phenomenon.

THE TOP officers of the Voice had their first look at how a government underground operates just about one year before McCarthy opened his hearings on their organization. One day in April, 1952, an obscure and not very successful member of the French Desk named Paul Deac presented himself to Alfred Puhan, then Program Director of the Voice, to report a piece of disquieting information. Deac said he had just talked to Larry E. Kerley, an editor of the New York *Journal-American*, and that Kerley had told him the *Journal* was in possession of some highly damaging information about the Voice and especially about the French Desk. Kerley, Deac said, had shown him the material, and it was very damaging indeed, suggesting gross incompetence and subversion. Deac then said that if the Voice would fire Fernand Auberjonois, the head of the French Desk, and his two assistants, Laird Ogle and Troup Mathews, the *Journal-American* would drop the matter. If not, Deac said, Kerley would turn the materials over to Howard Rushmore for a series of articles.

The prospect of an exposé by Rushmore was not to be taken lightly. A former member of the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communist Party and *Daily Worker* movie critic, Rushmore had for some time been the star Communist expert of the Hearst papers and a man whose disapproval was capable of producing fiery resolutions by American Legion posts, speeches on the floor of Congress, and all manner of outside pressure. Behind Rushmore as coach and backstop stood J. B. Matthews, to whom McCarthy had once presented a desk set inscribed: "To J. B. Matthews, a star-spangled American, from one of his pupils and admirers."

For the moment Puhan was more concerned with the specific charges and the threat of a newspaper attack. Who, he asked, had supplied such information to Kerley and the *Journal-American?* Disgruntled personnel, said Deac. Puhan asked if Deac could describe the charges in detail. Deac replied that he could not only describe the charges but could make a good guess as to how the Hearst papers would describe them. He pulled from his pocket a handful of notes and promptly dictated to a secretary probably the most extraordinary memorandum ever written by a government employee to his superiors. It took the form of an outline for a series of twelve newspaper articles, with elaborate editorial suggestions on how to headline and highlight, in authentic Hearst style, the various political angles and innuendoes. Number 6 on the list was typical in both content and form:

"6. Hearst Headline: *Last Minute Suppression of Important News Items and Editorials.*

"Possible lead or subtitles: 'What will the New York *Times* say?' New York *Times* editorial commenting and analyzing the Communist attitude in connection with Korean negotiations of 2/25/52 was suppressed as about to be read on the [Voice].

"New York *Herald Tribune* Editorial: 'Description of the Nature of Communism' suppressed 2/25/52.

"Hearst Editor's Note: These wholesome pieces reflecting important U. S. editorial opinion and comment were eliminated at last minute —replaced with 'innocent yarn' about overheated stove which exploded somewhat harmlessly."

What the item omitted to say was that the records of the French Desk showed very frequent quotation by the Voice of other anti-Communist editorials from the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune.*

The other charges were pretty much of a piece with this one. Most were salted with bits of gossip, fragments of overheard conversations, and subversive-sounding comments made at staff meetings. Through all of them ran the familiar grumble of petty office jealousies and frustrations. Still, no charge of subversion could be ignored, and Foy Kohler, New York chief of the Voice, a Foreign Service officer who had done a long enough tour of duty in Moscow to know a thing or two about Communist infiltration, was taking no chances. He appointed a panel of high Voice officials to investigate.

After lengthy and painstaking inquiry the panel members found the Deac memorandum groundless. There was not the slightest evidence of subversion on the French Desk. It was a matter of record, in fact, that the French Communist press had often denounced Auberjonois and had called him "a spokesman for the pork barons and the chewing-gum and Coca-Cola interests."

The role played by Paul Deac was not so simple to establish. Inquiries by Voice officials to the *Journal-American* about the materials alleged to be in its possession got nowhere. Rushmore denied receiving any information, and protested that if he had been able to lay his hands on the sort of material Deac described, he would have lost no time in printing it. This sounded reasonable, since there seemed to be little precedent for the *Journal-American's* being so public-spirited as to swap a good scandal for a minor reform in a government agency. Further developments suggested that the source of the charges Deac was talking about was probably Deac himself. Though he continued to deny having supplied information to Rushmore and the *Journal-American,* he did admit that on his own account he had been collecting evidence of what he considered subversion, and that a few like-minded coworkers had been helping him.

After a discreet interval, Rushmore's column began to echo some of the specific charges of the Deac memorandum. By July Rushmore was reporting what the "anti-Communists" at the Voice were telling him about the "left-wingers," espe-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cially on the French Desk; in January he solemnly announced that these "anti-Communists" had organized "what they call 'the American Underground.'"

The following month, on the day the McCarthy hearings on the Voice opened in New York, Rushmore wrote that the hearings would reveal "the existence of a pro-American underground which was set up two years ago by loyal Voice employees to combat the Marxists and left-wingers in key policy-making positions." Mr. Deac, it appeared, had been busy for quite some time—according to Rushmore's information, from just about the very day he had received his appointment to the Voice in January, 1951.

CERTAINLY no one at the Voice was very surprised when two months later Rushmore became Research Director for the McCarthy Committee, nor when Deac, even before the hearings began, started spending a good part of his time with Messrs. Roy M. Cohn and G. David Schine at the McCarthy Committee's forward observation post in the Schine family's private suite in the Waldorf Towers.

Had Kohler and his advisers been able to foresee this curious sequence of events, they might have reached a different decision. They were, most of them. Foreign Service officers of high integrity, hard-working and reasonably hardheaded. They saw that the wisest course would be to fire Deac. But they were also bureaucrats, with long training in the arts of compromise and caution. Above all, they wanted to protect the Voice from unnecessary public scandal. They decided to contain Deac rather than to fire him. To keep peace on the French Desk, Auberjonois, whose loyalty and competence were trusted completely, was reassigned to a key post on the staff of the Policy Adviser. Deac was sharply reminded that in hoarding evidence of what he thought was subversion he was himself guilty of disloyalty, since such information should be reported at once to the Voice security officer. Deac appeared to be impressed and even a little perturbed by this viewpoint, and it was hoped that everyone could get back to his own job.

The hope proved fruitless. News presently arrived in New York that Dr. Wilson Compton, Administrator of the International Information Administration in Washington, had heard grave charges against the Voice. It seemed that the report had reached him through a personal friend, a distinguished and influential figure in the New York business world, who in turn had received his information in a letter from one Paul Deac, employed at the Voice. Despite urgent advice to the contrary in both Washington and New York, Dr. Compton insisted on seeing Deac on his next visit to the Voice headquarters. In the course of a private interview, he gave Deac his personal guarantee that Deac would not be fired, and he left a memorandum with Kohler to that effect.

So the containment of Deac became the appeasement of Deac. That, at least, was the way it looked to the staff in general, and from then on there was no effective means of restraining Deac's activities. His latest triumph brought him new prestige and new recruits for the "American Underground." What had been petty office gripes and minor differences of opinion became overnight high-level politics. Office gossip acquired a new status. For many it became essential to self-defense, revealing, like a radar network, the shifting pattern and direction of threatened attack. Not only jobs and reputations were at stake, but, as rumors of an impending Congressional investigation went the rounds, even the fate of the organization itself. Many began to believe that since Compton had promised Deac his personal protection, there must be real substance to the latter's charges of subversion. A kind of mass defection of common sense set in at the Voice.

Edwin Kretzmann, policy adviser of the Voice and a tough-minded Foreign Service officer whose record was so irreproachable that it offered no firm toehold for McCarthy's investigators, recently described this process as having advanced in three stages: first the period before the transfer of Auberjonois from the French Desk, when Deac had only a handful of petty malcontents behind him; second, the period after he had won Dr. Compton's protection, when he gained the support, whether open or covert, of several desk heads and division chiefs; and finally the period at the peak of the McCarthy Committee hearings, when Gerald Dooher, Acting Chief of the Near East Desk, with the support of James Thompson, Facilities Manager, in order to take the heat off the New York office, quietly co-operated with McCarthy's staff in shifting the attack toward the Washington headquarters and particularly toward Reed Harris, then Acting Administrator of the IIA.

A Peek at Deac

Who was Deac? Some of his colleagues at the Voice are convinced that he was a McCarthy plant. Others, looking about at the wreckage to which the Voice was reduced at a crucial period of the cold war, have wondered if Deac could have been an unwitting instrument of Soviet sabotage.

Behind the guesswork there was precious little knowledge of Deac's past. Born in Romania in 1908, he had arrived in the United States in the late 1930's and, settling in Detroit, had found a job with the Detroit *Free Press*. In 1942 Deac had helped organize, and had become first president of, the National Romanian-American Alliance for Democracy, of which the honorary president was Charles Davila, former Romanian Minister to the United

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States. A year later Deac had been ousted from the Alliance, largely for trying to get rid of Mr. Davila. In the war years he is said to have found a job with the Office of War Information. Whatever took him away from Detroit, quite a few members of the foreign nationality groups among which he operated were not sorry to see him go.

In the midst of the McCarthy hearings on the Voice, an enterprising reporter for a great New York daily sought Deac out for an interview. He found Deac to be a wiry, vaguely simian-looking man, full of energy and nervous suspicion. At first Deac was somewhat uncommunicative. He was, he said, "under subpoena to testify any day now." (Oddly enough, he never was summoned to testify in open hearings, nor, so far as is known, in closed sessions of the committee.)

Finally Deac got around to the "American Underground." It had started, he said, "with about seventy-five of us, just getting together and finding that we agreed about the awful way things were going in some parts of the Voice." Later the group numbered "at least 250." Deac admitted that he himself "had over two thousand documents to prove" his charges.

What kind of documents? asked the reporter. "Oh, notes I would make after conversations, that kind of thing. Some scripts, maybe." As to the McCarthy Committee, it had taken the initiative in approaching him, Deac said; he did not know who had told them about him—maybe Rushmore, maybe Howard Hotchner — another disgruntled Voice employee who occupied the post of Network Service Manager and was generally recognized as Deac's chief of staff in the "underground."

It hardly matters who approached whom. The point is that sooner or later contact was bound to be established. In the "American Underground" Deac had organized the kind of setup that McCarthy had always been looking for. Unlike the heads of other Congressional committees, especially the Hickenlooper Committee, which was also investigating the Voice, McCarthy is not in the habit of going to men of sense and substance for information. He turns instead to men like Deac, just as Deac and Hotchner had turned to the malcontents at the Voice.

Witnesses at the Waldorf

From the moment that the Messrs. Cohn and Schine moved into the Schine suite at the Waldorf Towers a week or so before the committee hearings opened, the "American Underground" became, in effect, a secret tribunal. Its members also functioned as finger men for the official tribunal which sat at the Waldorf. When Roy Cohn informed Voice officials that he had a "secret list" of the names of Voice employees who were under suspicion, no one doubted for a moment where the names had come from.

The time had now arrived, as everyone realized, when the underground had to produce the goods. Gossip, recriminations, suspicions were no longer enough. Facts were now needed to give formal weight and substance to the "secret list," and witnesses had to be produced who would swear to these facts under oath. Since Cohn and Schine had left no doubt that this was what the committee wanted, Deac and his friends redoubled their efforts.

The pressures on the Voice employees were enormous. The fear of losing a job, the prospect of a better post, greater prestige and power, made it hard to resist the urgings and invitations to testify—backed as they often were with veiled threats of blackmail and retaliation. To join the underground often meant to pay a fee in the form of an accusation against some other member of the Voice. It implied a promise on the part of the new recruit to make a charge at the hearings. It did not have to be an ironclad charge, so long as it was sensational enough to make the papers.

As Auberjonois has put it, describing the atmosphere at the Voice as the hearings progressed: "It was every man for himself and no support was forthcoming from any quarter. Expressions of sympathy for any employee known to be marked for slaughter were frequent, but few division or branch chiefs would have signed an affidavit in his defense or offered their help. No one was ready to assume responsibility for past policies or for instructions given to the staff. . . . With very few exceptions, the episode offers a fine example of men under fire and officers under cover."

In this atmosphere the underground had no reason to conceal the fact that it had become the more or less official witness-recruiting agency and chief adviser for the committee. It was now armed with a new and unique power in the form of subpoenas which Deac, now employed on the Romanian Desk, began to serve. Since the office of McCarthy's Committee on Government Operations has stated that only members of the committee designate the persons who serve its subpoenas, it appears that Deac was tapped for the job by the Senator himself.

It was common knowledge at the Voice that Deac had once tried to enlist the support of Howard Maier, one of the most successful writers of propaganda beamed at the U.S.S.R. and its satellites, and whose unassailable record would have made him a very useful witness. Maier had turned Deac down cold. Just before the hearings opened, Deac made a second bid for Maier's support. He suggested that Maier might like to talk to some investigators—not just any old investigators, but Congressional investigators. When Maier made it pointedly clear that he would talk only to legally authorized persons, Deac pulled from his pocket a subpoena signed "Joe McCarthy," ordering Maier to report fifteen minutes later at the Waldorf Towers.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

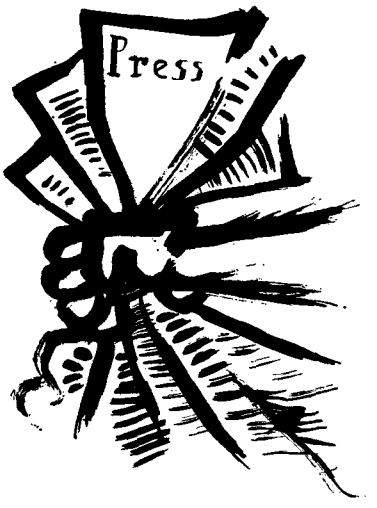
When he arrived at the Schine suite, Maier was startled to be greeted at the door by Howard Hotchner, Deac's co-worker in the "underground," who during part of the interrogation that followed sat at a coffee table busily preparing a large organizational chart of the Voice for the edification of Cohn and Schine.

THERE WAS also the Sunday evening in mid-February when Fernand Auberjonois was summoned to appear at the Schine apartment. Coats and hats were piled high on the Récamier chairs and settees. Witnesses, friendly, reserved, or reticent, lined the walls of the enormous living room, sitting uneasily in the Louis XV armchairs, pretending to read magazines, and gazing abstractedly at the many photos of the Schine family scattered about the room. Paul Deac, as usual, seemed to be the official receptionist. Bustling in from an adjoining room, he greeted Auberjonois affably, saying, "We're certainly packing them in tonight."

Despite the display of authority and the profusion of committee subpoenas, no members of the committee were present at these sessions. The interrogations were conducted by Cohn and Schine, backstopped on occasion by McCarthy's chief investigator, Don Surine (a man who had been fired by the FBI and had later been charged with committing perjury before a Congressional subcommittee).

Morale and working efficiency at the Voice fell steadily as the hearings progressed. Leaders who might have rallied an effective defense were lacking. Alfred Morton, who succeeded Foy Kohler as chief in October, 1952, was either unwilling or unable, without strong backing from Washington, to lift a finger.

No backing was forthcoming from Washington. Dr. Compton tendered his resignation as head of the information program a few days after the hearings opened, after publicly admitting, in effect, that he knew very little about an operation he had directed for a year and that he was unwilling to assume responsibility for decisions made in his name by subordinates. His deputy, Reed Harris, had all he could do to fight his own



battle. Since his name stood high on McCarthy's "secret list," most of the Voice officials in New York, more worried about contamination than conspiracy, were perfectly happy to do without his help.

At the Voice offices, meanwhile, the expression "going to the Waldorf" took on a very special meaning. On February 13, the Washington *Times-Herald* described conditions thus: "Consternation prevailed in the VOA headquarters at 57th St. and Broadway. . . . Committee subpoenas were fluttering on desks like pigeons in Union Square, and more than one hundred witnesses have been lined up . . ."

The morning policy meetings, attended by more than a hundred people—desk, division, and branch chiefs—were often interrupted by "loaded" questions from the floor. When the answers were not deemed satisfactory, even when clearly labeled as directives from the "new team," as the Eisenhower Administration was called, low-pitched voices could be heard remarking, "The Waldorf will hear about this."

THE REALLY important point was that the rest of the world was hearing about it too. Although the hearings in the end brought to light not a single instance of subversion, they turned up all manner of other things. Through the headlines and daily dispatches of the U.S. press, Senator McCarthy kept our friends and foes fully informed on the absurd and pathetic proceedings: the question of whether insubordination or a book review had caused the dismissal of a difficult young woman; of whether a man who did not go to church every Sunday should be on the air every weekday as a religious commentator; of whether a young man who had attacked college football twenty-one years ago had also at that time betrayed a leaning toward atheism; of whether the shelving of one fifteen-minute script did not suggest subversion of an entire desk or division.

The carefully considered reasons for high policy decisions, whether right or wrong, were seldom known to scriptwriters, technicians, translators, and the like; yet these were the people who were encouraged to pass on their suspicions and charges to two young men, equally ignorant of policy matters, who passed them on to a Senator who didn't care. The real reasons for policy decisions were rarely brought to light, but enough highly classified information was aired in committee hearings for Soviet observers to piece together important segments of our anti-Communist propaganda strategy.

Such information usually costs the enemy a handsome sum; in this case, thanks to the "Loyal American Underground" and Senator McCarthy, the American taxpayer footed the bill. This kind of leak, in fact, gave a final ironic twist to the efforts of Deac and his associates. A few of them, whose job it was to foresee, forestall, and undercut Soviet propaganda on its home ground, now began to feel as if, in their official capacity as propagandists, they were playing poker with all their cards face up on the table. One who had had excellent opportunity to learn what Communism was all about and how it could be counteracted took his complaint directly to McCarthy. The Senator smiled and nodded agreement, but his mind seemed far away—presumably on the next day's headlines.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

If you are looking for a publisher, send for our free, illustrated booklet titled *To the Author in Search of a Publisher*. It tells how we can publish, promote and distribute your book, as we have done for hundreds of other writers. All subjects considered. New authors welcomed. Write today for Booklet R. It's free.

VANTAGE PRESS, Dept. R, 120 W. 31 St., N. Y. 1
In Calif., 6356 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, 28

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

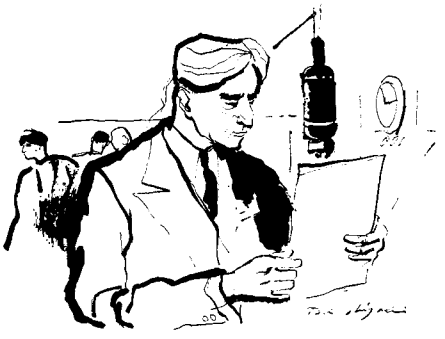
V.O.A.—a Survey Of the Wreckage

RAYMOND SWING

UNDER the Administration's current reorganization of our Information Service, the Voice of America will no longer be operated by the State Department. I shall set down here a number of things that I considered wrong with the Voice while it functioned under the State Department. But I wish to make it clear, also, that I do not consider removal from the State Department in itself a remedy.

The Voice by now has been dreadfully damaged by the indictment of its integrity made on behalf of the United States Senate, and it has been mutilated beyond cure by the State Department in advance of its reorganization. A substantial part of its staff has dispersed, and, what is even worse, a substantial part of its audience has been dismissed. Dr. Robert L. Johnson, the new head of the Information Service, has decreed the ultimate abandonment of programs to Latin America, France, Italy, Portugal, Malaya, and Thailand, and reduced the English-language service heard around the world from five and one-half hours a day to thirty minutes. Most of these audiences listened to medium-wave relays, and such audiences are surer than those which must depend on short-wave transmissions, which are often blotted out by ionospheric disturbances. (One wonders whether an improved Italian service might have helped recruit the fifty-eight thousand votes by which Premier Alcide De Gasperi's coalition failed to achieve a majority in the recent Italian elections.)

IT WOULD take years of patient and able effort to rebuild the Voice. Is it worth doing? What was wrong?



Will reorganization help put it right?

Until the new Administration took over, the Voice, operating in forty-six languages, put more program hours on the air than NBC and CBS combined. It was the third largest broadcasting enterprise of its type in the world, surpassed only by Radio Moscow and the Overseas Service of the BBC.

Broadcasting is the twentieth-century medium of communication. Through it nation can speak to nation and nation can argue with nation. The potential audience of an American overseas service through medium and short wave is from two hundred to three hundred million listeners. There are nearly fifty million short-wave receivers in existence, nearly ten million of them behind the Iron Curtain. The Kremlin spends a great deal more on international broadcasting than the United States does—perhaps three to four times as much. It also spends about three-fourths what the Voice used to cost us just to jam the Voice. The annual budget of the Voice, not counting investment in new transmitters (and exclusive of the other branches of the Information Service, which are so often confused with the Voice), was under $25 million—half the price of a small aircraft carrier. Of course it is merely rhetorical to weigh a warship in the same scales with the possible effect of the Voice on hundreds of millions of listeners. But the value of access to people's minds is not entirely intangible. General Walter Bedell Smith, after his ambassadorship in Moscow, wrote that a nation's power consists both of its military and economic resources and its propaganda. He was using the word "propaganda" in its widest sense, to include spiritual and political objectives as well as the propagation of them.

AS TO the question whether the Voice has been effective in the past, as a professional journalist familiar with its output I must testify that it has not been as effective as it could have been. But let it be stressed that the McCarthy Committee did not inquire into the Voice's competence, analyze its quality, measure its services against the best broadcasting standards, or learn whether the Voice held the attention of listeners. The committee was interested only in creating the impression that the Voice was the tool of subversives in the State Department.

Fortunately, the Senate's action was not entirely destructive. The Hickenlooper Committee encouraged employees of the Voice to testify about their work and it asked questions about the Voice's influence. It then proposed that the Voice be taken out of the State Department and relieved of civil-service restrictions. It also recommended postponement of meat-ax reductions in staff and services, though with only slight effect. But it did all this as a Senatorial aside, and the Hickenlooper

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Committee was without much influence when the White House came to set up the new agency.

IT OUGHT to be understood that professional affairs cannot be carried through by nonprofessionals. Congressional committees do not undertake to say what medicines should be used in veterans' hospitals. The Interior Department does not write directives to tell engineers how to build bridges and dams. International broadcasting is journalism; and while journalism is one of the less esoteric professions, nevertheless it is a profession. Imagine the State Department and Congress between them trying to publish the New York *Times* or operate NBC or CBS.

By contrast, one of the troubles of the Voice is that many Congressmen believe that radio propaganda is not journalism but the "selling" of ideas with the techniques used to sell toothpaste or cigarettes.

The objectives of American foreign broadcasts are diverse, to the point, on occasion, of being nearly contradictory. They challenge the most astute editorial judgment and require the firmest editorial integrity. The work should be entrusted to editors who are capable enough to be left alone. Congress cannot judge offhand—as its members often try to do—whether a particular broadcast or line of broadcasting is suitable or "American."

The Illegitimate Child

Diplomacy and journalism are antithetical. The first reflex of the diplomat when trouble is stirring is to hide it, deny it, minimize it, so as to gain time to deal with it. The first function of journalism is to expose it, discuss it, and explain it. Give the State Department a journalistic agency to operate and it is bound to stifle it. That is what the State Department did with the Voice of America. It could not do otherwise and remain the State Department.

This is not to suggest that a government-operated broadcasting service must not stay rigorously within the bounds of national policy. Indeed it must. But this can be done without any impairment either of journalism or national policy. The Overseas Service of the BBC is proof of that. It serves British policy stoutly, but British diplomacy is not allowed to lay hands on it. The BBC is briefed daily on policy in all detail. Then it operates journalistically, and remains, as a rule, interesting and informative. The BBC appears to be so objective that its listeners can feel they are being enlightened by experts and are reaching their own conclusions.

In the past, certainly, listeners to the Voice could have had no such illusions. Congress expected the Voice to "make propaganda," and the Voice made it. Anything more subtle than a bludgeon was considered "soft on Communism."

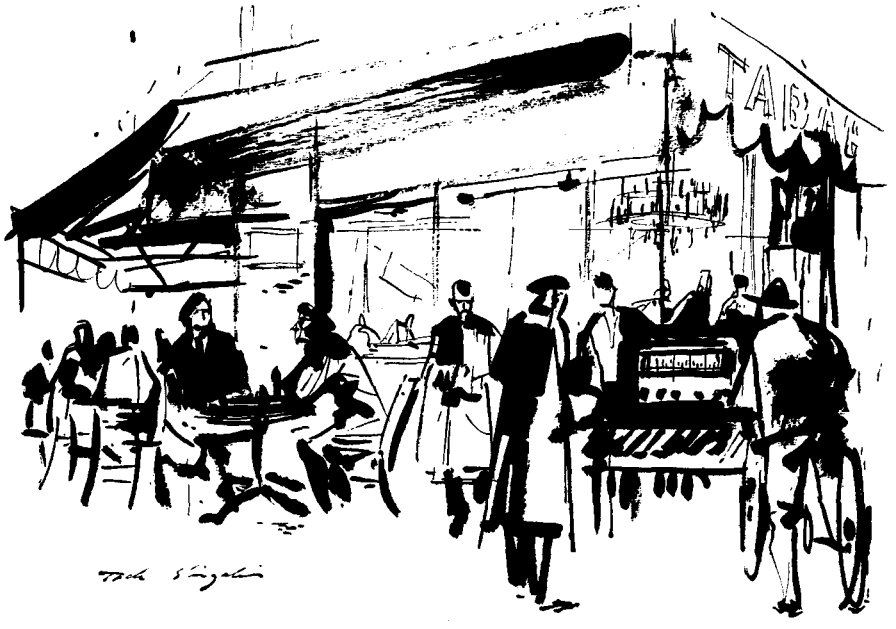
For its part, the State Department treated the Voice somewhat like an illegitimate child which it neither liked nor respected.

Several times every day specially assigned officials in the State Department drafted what were called "guidances" for the Voice of America. They were couched in an official lingo that must have taken months to acquire and certainly took months to learn to read. The style was telegraphic but ponderous. The little words were omitted and the negatives were always repeated to make them stick out like thorns. It is a pity these pompous and ludicrous affirmations of the obvious are classified, since some of them belong in the back pages of the *New Yorker*.

When the United States decided to do something, the guidance writer thought up all the virtuous meanings the action could possibly have and set them all down on paper one after the other as instructions on what was to be said about the action. If the action might be criticized on any score, the "guidance" seldom showed the Voice how to meet and dispel the criticism, but usually forbade the Voice to refer to that aspect of the subject. In moments of crisis the Voice was often prohibited from making any comment whatever, even a straight news item. The Department seemed to believe that if the Voice said nothing, then by some magic listeners would not find out from other sources what was going on.

TWO OTHER factors prevented the Voice from operating with professional competence. The agency could not hire and fire, as an efficient organ of journalism must be able to do. It takes up to six months for the FBI to clear a recruit, and few worthy applicants want to wait that long. Once a person is employed, it is practically impossible to dismiss him except for cause, and cause does not include the fact that a better person may be available for the post.

The other factor was poverty, the poverty that overshadows all government operations. The salary level was too low to attract the most able professionals. With few exceptions the only people the Voice was able to attract were those not absorbed



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by commercial broadcasting. Hence it could not have the best writers, the best speakers, or even the best announcers and technicians.

Pleasing Congress

The output of the Voice consisted of news, features, and comments. The news was fairly obviously tailored to policy. It was stuffed with items chosen primarily for being unfavorable to the Communists, and did not carry a sufficient variety of news about America to give the impression that all the truth was being told. Perhaps that was the way Congress wanted it, but it was not the way the listener wanted it. The Congressman can turn off the money, but it must also be remembered that the listener can turn off his radio.

The news sources of the Voice were seriously limited. Though it was one of the important organs of American power in the world conflict, it was without the services of the Associated Press and the United Press, which refused to help the government operate a news service that they regarded as being parallel to their own. The Voice obtained its news from three sources: the International News Service (the Hearst agency); from Reuters, the semi-official British agency; and from Agence France Presse, the official French agency. This was a startling plight for the most news-minded nation on earth. One might suppose that arguments could have been found to convince the Associated Press and United Press that the Voice was an essential element of American power and worthy of their patriotic consideration at an appropriate price.

The comments originated by the Voice were mostly propaganda in the common use of the word: editorials, arguments, and harangues. These effusions tended to give the impression that the Voice was scolding its listeners. Most of the comments were not spoken by their authors, but were delivered by announcers, and not always by first-rate announcers. This part of the output often sounded amateurish.

The strongly anti-Communist commentaries beamed to the captive peoples undoubtedly were gratifying to those who needed to feel that the world was thinking about them and what they were enduring. But they were not meant to be persuasive, and listeners in the free world who also were fed them would hardly have been pesuaded by them even if they listened, which they probably didn't.

As to the features used by the Voice, some satiric programs by Howard Maier were memorable. American music, special events—such as recordings of speeches—and the digest of American commentaries and editorials were useful, though too little material critical of America was chosen for the elections to be credible.

THE VOICE, being largely a foreign-language operation and having a virtual monopoly of the foreign-language field in this country, might have been expected to command first-class talent for its foreign-language programs. In some instances it did so. On the whole, however, the exiles in this country included relatively few journalists and still fewer broadcasters.

Most of the east European exiles were politicians devoted to the mission of stirring up resistance to Communism in the lands of their origin. This was not an unmixed blessing. Some foreign-language and regional desk heads had policy interests of their own and were not easy to keep in line with government policy. The Voice—mistakenly, I believe—gave these desk heads what amounted to autonomy. Actually no one at the State Department or the Voice was in a position to know at any given time precisely what was being broadcast. All that was known was what was supplied in English "to the house." But how accurately or fully this output was translated or whether it was being ignored could not be ascertained until after the broadcasts.

It was a precarious system and it led to a certain amount of anarchy, so that the Voice must have been one of the most undisciplined journalistic agencies under the sun. Thanks to the ability of Edwin M. J. Kretzmann, policy adviser at the Voice until moved to a foreign embassy this month, this condition did not produce serious damage to American interests. Mr. Kretzmann had no authority to command or discipline desk heads, but he did foster a degree of team spirit. Since all the desk heads were dedicated anti-Communists, the basis for teamwork was present. But it was not always easy to persuade the desk heads to temper the promises they made to captive peoples so as not to exceed the realities of American policy.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKING the Voice out of the State Department could have been the start of a fundamental reform, but so far it is no more than an administrative change. What was needed was to build up the Voice, making it a professional agency. But it is not to have the advantages even of a fresh start. The same staff must be taken over as it remains after Dr. Johnson's surgery. The Voice is not to be freed from the hobbles of the civil service with its rigid salary levels. The staff reductions just put through have been carried out according to the rules of seniority, which means that some of the ablest writers and newsmen have been discharged and their places given to people of far less skill.

Furthermore, the Voice is still permeated with the aftermath of spying and informing, and it is still working for an Administration that has not lifted a finger to defend the reputations and careers of its maligned employees. So the Voice will not only be less competent than before, it will remain demoralized.

The upshot of all the drama that has brought the Voice to public notice is an administrative order that leaves it a weaker agency, deprived of some of its best workers, divested of much of its audience, and with wounds from intrigue and slander still festering. Here is an organism of American power that has performed good works against odds and under forbidding handicaps. The works were not good enough. But that was inevitable under the influences of Congress and the State Department. Now the State Department is out. But otherwise nothing has been solved, and the enfeebled organization that remains cannot serve the nation even as well as its predecessor.

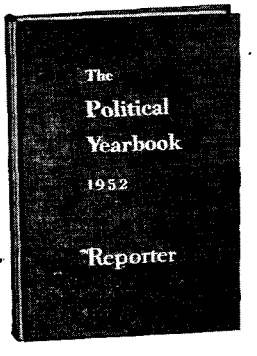
YOU'RE INVITED TO OUR NEXT MEETING ...on Aug. 4

Each issue of THE REPORTER is, in effect, a meeting arranged for you with a dozen or more of the most perceptive observers of the vital issues of these vital times. The purpose of the meeting: to provide you with *information-in-depth*. What is happening? Why is it happening? What will its effects be?

Here is your opportunity to join us regularly in this continuing exploration of history in the making.

New Subscribers Can Reserve Their Places At the Next 18 Meetings for Only $2.67

Because the full value of THE REPORTER is in its continuity, its issue-to-issue analysis of the vital events of our world, we are making this unusual offer to new subscribers:



The next 18 issues for only $2.67 plus FREE The POLITICAL YEARBOOK–1952

The Political Yearbook-1952 is a selection of THE REPORTER's most significant writings in the past year, put together to enable you to see those twelve momentous months in clear historical perspective. Richly illustrated and handsomely bound in Oxford cloth, the Yearbook is 6" by 9" and has 160 pages.

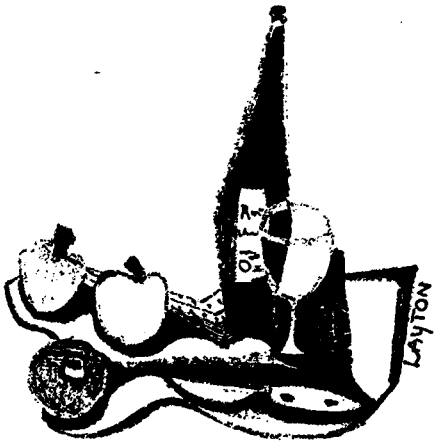
For your trial subscription to THE REPORTER and your free copy of The Political Yearbook-1952—or if you wish to send these as a gift—mail the reply card opposite. You need send no money; we will bill you later, if you prefer. Mailing the reply card now begins your subscription at once, and assures prompt delivery of your Yearbook.

The Reporter

220 East 42nd Street — New York 17, N. Y.

$5.00 per year (24 issues) **25¢ per copy**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Any Resemblance...

Arbiter of Taste

MARYA MANNES

THE WOMEN who visit Robin's apartment are inclined to wonder why men ever bother to marry: They live so much more comfortably alone. And indeed, Robin's place is perfection—a garden duplex in New York's East Sixties furnished in exquisite taste in a mixture of Regency and modern, run by a pale and graceful Negro, animated by a huge and uncannily sensitive brown poodle, and free of such blurring traces of feminine presence as stockings drying in the bathroom and a clutter of jars. Even the canapés are better than the ones in the homes of the married.

Robin, moreover, appears to be exempt from those devotions, obligations, and incubi which make other people tired and old and cross, harried, debt-ridden, and dull. If he has aging parents, they are never seen; being unmarried, he has neither children nor parents-in-law; old friends who are dull are friends no more; and even cousins seem not to exist. Since he has no one to support, it is perhaps no wonder that the sums he earns through his thriving business of interior decoration should be spent entirely on himself and on a way of life entirely pleasing to himself. And it must be admitted that Robin is an artist in pleasure, choosing only those objects, colors, sounds, and textures which flatter the senses, excluding those which offend or enervate. The exclamation of delight uttered by a new visitor gives Robin a sense of altruism dispelling any faint twinge (the twinges are fainter every year) of remorse at what some people have called his selfish life. He gives pleasure freely to others; and if they are so transported by his taste as to demand his professional services—well, then, that is their concern. He did not force them into it.

ROBIN has other attributes besides taste. He is quite decorative, in a fluid way, and very funny. He has a pronounced gift for mimicry, and it is generally felt that he could have adorned the theater.

There is, in fact, no field of creative effort in which Robin is not entirely at home. His cocktail parties and little buffets are likely to include the most successful photographers, painters, choreographers, composers, and writers in town, and certainly the leaders in the world of fashion. No fashion editor worth her salt fails to know Robin and count him as her friend, and his décors and the works of his companions are responsible for her most spectacular pages. It might be said indeed that Robin's circle *is* the fashion.

It is a tightly closed society, this circle: a light and airy *cénacle* of the arts; or, if you prefer, an Old Pals' Act rigid in its dedication and loyalty. The larger society is split up into smaller cells: painter, art critic, dealer; composer, music critic, performer; dancer, choreographer, manager; poet, editor, publisher; and so forth. Around these separate cells is a chorus of young men and older women, a galaxy of the rootless, there to applaud, to cosset, to crown. It is the rare artist who succeeds without belonging to Robin's world.

Robin and his companions have many talents but little love, except for these talents and for each other, and theirs is a love that leads inward. They love their love of beauty, they love their sensibilities, and they love their persons. With great attention they keep supple and slim, offering their skin as often as they can to the golden approval of the sun. For this purpose, they claim the best beaches and the best coasts in the world, from Fire Island to Barbados, from Morocco to Corsica. And when these beaches are ultimately found and claimed by the vulgar, they move to others more distant, more concealed. Stumble upon a beautiful hidden cove and Robin will be there sunning, his russet or mahogany towel beside him, his bright hair cropped on his skull, and the poodle, Flaubert, bounding at the waves.

Yet the gaiety, the ease, and the brilliance that characterize the world of Robin do not preclude a netherworld, one which is darker

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than one might suppose and inhabited by things that are not pretty. Spite, jealousy, rage, revenge—these are a few of the monsters that plague Robin's society. The energies others expend on supporting wives, raising families, and enduring illness, monotony, or privation are here diverted into intense and exclusive relationships. When these are harmonious, all is perfect. When they sour, hell is unleashed. The one found guilty of the breach becomes quite suddenly the object of bad reviews, for the sweetest ostracism in this circle is professional, and the course of personal relationships can be quite easily followed in the critical press.

Over or beneath it all—this exquisite, tasteful, witty, and powerful stratum—is a profound discontent that neither Robin nor his friends ever allow themselves to admit, for they consider themselves in nearly all ways superior to their fellows. They are, for all their success, not in the main stream of life, for the one quality absent in their world is humanity.

Joe Mankiewicz And the Capitoline Hill Mob

ROBERT HATCH

No one is going to call Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Julius Caesar* a great interpretation of Shakespeare, but it is a respectable interpretation, and I am grateful. There isn't so much vintage Shakespeare to be seen these days on either stage or screen that we can afford to be uppity. This *Julius Caesar* is recognizably the play that Shakespeare wrote; it is worth seeing and worth criticizing.

The picture is bold, immediate, and passionate; it moves along at a good swinging march and is admirably read except for occasional tub thumping. As film workmanship it is exemplary. But *Julius Caesar* should be more than adequate; it should be disturbing. John Houseman, the producer, and Joseph Mankiewicz, the director, have filmed the play too much as a Roman contest of physical strength and have scarcely recognized it as an Elizabethan tragedy of psychological weakness. Even though they have stuck honorably to Shakespeare's structure, therefore, the ground shifts under their feet. The moral implications run shallow as the pitch of action increases.

This is a common result in the filming of Shakespeare. Olivier's *Hamlet,* for all its drafty moodiness, was a tidy simplification: The unhappy boy was too deeply attached to his mother. Modern producers seem unwilling to trust the perspicacity of modern groundlings. Moreover, the plays injure themselves by being too easy to photograph. A movie director can have a field day with Shakespeare's stage designs simply by ignoring the fact that the author meant them to be seen only in the mind's eye. When the camera methodically documents what the verse evokes, mere pageantry softens the tragedy and moral struggle is buried beneath circus parade. A film cannot be made on a bare set with four extras to represent a tumultuous crowd; at best that would be a photographed play. But neither should *Julius Caesar* be produced like an installment of "The March of Time."

If the movies decide to go in seriously for Shakespeare, a style will have to be worked out to employ the cameras at their proper business and still not deprive the playwright of his. I think it can be done. I recall, for instance, that in the Japanese "Rasho-Mon" the scenes appeared to be small clearings in a boundless but foggy landscape and that the sets, though definite, were never specific—always *a* temple, *a* road, *a* courtyard; never *the*. I don't hold that a Japanese Shakespeare would be satisfactory, but the method of abstracting with the camera could be tried.

No experiments are attempted in *Julius Caesar;* it is made Hollywood's way, with plenty of extras, plenty of California's best real estate, and plenty of sharp close-ups of familiar faces when the emotions rise. Despite its general adequacy, therefore, and despite its considerable excellence of detail, it is Shakespeare fitted to the commercial screen.

Mankiewicz has taken liberties with the text, cutting and eliding as has been the fashion with Shakespeare for generations. The pruning has eliminated lines that might sound stilted in the intimate realism of his screen, and it has produced a script that will be generally understood.

Once or twice, however, the scissors cut too deep. The last scene of Act III, in which the populace, inflamed by Antony, lynches the poet Cinna for what the conspirator Cinna has done, is dropped entirely. I grant that it is parenthetical to the story, that it is perhaps an awkward interlude at that technically awkward moment in the play when the climax on the Capitol has passed and the meeting between Antony and Octavius must start the action all over again. But the scene is probably the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most searing indictment of the mob mind ever written for the stage, and it has never been more pertinent. I resent not hearing that horrible, brainless cry—"Tear him for his bad verses!"

The script also suppresses the fact that during the Battle of Philippi, Cassius kills himself under the misapprehension that Antony has already won the day. It was perhaps felt that piling irony on tragedy was inartistic (Shakespeare's artistry being notoriously fallible), but the incident is essential in making the point that Caesar's spirit (or, if you will, the conspirators' own smallness of spirit) is driving the conspirators *into their graves*. I do not mind particularly that M-G-M has staged Philippi in the vernacular of an Indian ambush; if it must be staged at all, this is as stimulating a melee as any. But when the moviemakers edit the futility out of Cassius's death, I wonder if they really understand what Shakespeare is saying.

The Players

Mankiewicz has peopled the play with a company of big names that, astonishingly, is also a proficient theatrical troupe. Deborah Kerr as Portia and Greer Garson as Calpurnia are no more than prettily wan, but of the male leads only Louis Calhern, in the difficult role of Caesar, gives a weak performance. It seems to be widely believed that Calhern is a natural for noble parts; at least he is often cast in them. The idea springs, presumably, from his eagle profile and tall, elegantly bent torso, but it overlooks the fact that he rolls his eyes, speaks in a quaver of mock senility, and is an inveterate practitioner of the delayed reaction. He is a splendid buffoon, especially in parts of dubious respectability, but he can be counted on to ham on high occasions. The actor who plays Caesar has a real problem. He must establish the power of the man in a few short scenes in which Shakespeare has given him some uncomfortably pompous lines to speak. In this production we must convince ourselves that Caesar could threaten to bestride the narrow world like a Colossus; Calhern plays him cutely, like an aging manufacturer beset by creditors.

James Mason's Brutus is a more successful conception, though it is not the whole of Brutus. There being no proper hero in *Julius Caesar*, Mankiewicz has elevated Brutus to the position by instructing Mason to accent the sweetness, compassion, and democratic zeal in the role and to soften the priggish righteousness. Mason makes him an impressive public citizen and an attractive husband and friend; he speaks the beautiful lines beautifully. But from this interpretation you would scarcely understand why the flattery of Cassius worked so quickly or why the Romans became so indignant when Antony insisted that Brutus was an honorable man.

No one in Hollywood, I think, told John Gielgud how to play Cassius. He brought the part with him, and he preserves in this relatively black-and-white *Julius Caesar* the disturbing ambiguity of Shakespeare's original. For us it is especially important that Cassius be well played. This pathetic Elizabethan is the most modern of men, his nerves all jumping and his fine insights brought to nothing by self-doubt and hysteria. Of all the conspirators, Cassius alone really foresaw the danger of Caesar, yet he killed him for the basest motive: He hated success in other men. Gielgud will make your flesh turn cold.

THE REAL SHOCK of the picture, though, is Antony. It was a stroke of showmanship to cast Marlon Brando in the role, and he plays it so effectively that it seems almost churlish to point out that he plays it wrong. Brando is a magnetic actor with a perfect sense of timing and a dominating presence, but his versatility is a myth based on the fact that he can speak with or without a Polish accent. Whatever he does, he is heavy-eyed and surly, an inarticulate primitive who howls most eloquently. In *Julius Caesar* he is Caliban come to Rome.

Up to a point and at moments, that is a playable Antony. A Roman general might choose this handsome gladiator as a younger boon companion and bodyguard. Such a man could make uneasy truce with his chief's assassins, and Brando plays that scene with chilly mastery. He would readily have tossed the triumvir Lepidus aside as a "slight unmeritable man" fit to bear asses' burdens, and he would certainly have roused the mob for his own ends, though irony scarcely seems his native weapon. But you cannot believe that he would have grieved over the body, that "bleeding piece of earth," or that in a paroxysm of shame and sorrow he would call on Caesar's ghost to "Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war." As it turns out, Brando rants this passage, screaming words that can be counted on to scream for themselves and turning a fearful prophecy into a schoolboy's tantrum.

Toward the end, when all the conspirators are slain or captured, Antony and Octavius (Douglas Watson) stride side by side to the tent where the dead Brutus lies. They look like a pair of juvenile-delinquent gang leaders, and Antony's tribute to "the noblest Roman of them all" falls flat and grudging. Brando is persuasive while you watch him; he conjures up as dangerous and attractive a young bully as ever found a soft berth in a tyrant's household. But he is so far from Shakespeare's image of the man that the lines cannot be made to stretch.

In retrospect, this Antony, glowering, swaggering, shining with wrestler's oil, seems an appeal to the box office. I think he will make that appeal successfully, but I am sorry it was thought necessary.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Addams, His Family, And His Fiends

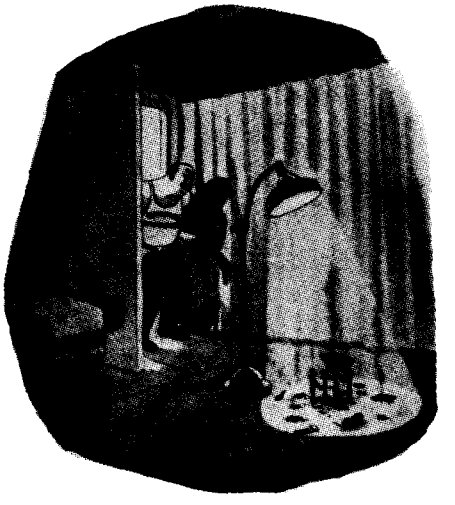
DWIGHT MACDONALD

All drawings by Mr. Addams are here reproduced by permission; copyright 1940, 1941 1942, 1944, 1945 and 1946 by the New Yorker *Magazine, Inc.*

SHORTLY before the United States entered the Second World War, Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels's *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung* reprinted a cartoon from the *New Yorker* by Charles Addams that showed a Boy Scout discovering his father about to hang himself and shouting, "Hey, Pop, that's not a hangman's knot!" "Jokes of this sort," observed the Nazi editors with obvious distaste, "often appear in magazines which are convinced of their mission in the American Century." And more recently, a newspaper in eastern Europe reprinted a page of Addams cartoons as documentary evidence of the "cannibalistic decadence" of western capitalism.

There must be a special reason why Americans find Addams's stuff refreshing. Perhaps it is because the cartoons, which deal largely with family life, provide a healthy antidote to the saccharine treatment of the same subject in our advertisements and other forms of mass culture. After the depressingly cheerful families of the beer ads, the pious celebrations of marital bliss on the radio, the sentimental gushing over the kiddies everywhere except in the home, it is wonderfully relaxing to see these themes treated with a reverse twist, a bend sinister. Addams works this profitable vein with great diligence.

HE ALSO, of course, exploits the American public's peculiar, and in some ways rather frightening, fascination with violence. Just as the detective story, once an exercise in rational deduction, has become a pretext for the intimate description of extreme violence, just as the so-called comic books have more and



more gone in for the gruesome and the sadistic, so there is a certain significance in the rise of Addams as the most popular and distinctive of the cartoonists whose work appears regularly in the *New Yorker*. In the 1920's and 1930's, it was Peter Arno satirizing the pomposity and the amours of the leisure class. Arno still appears regularly and is as deft and witty as ever, but it is Addams who is the characteristic *New Yorker* cartoonist of the war and postwar period.

Three Formulas

Callousness is not funny, but it becomes so when carried to the pitch of the matron in flowered bathing suit running along the beach and shouting up at her husband, who, as the shadow on the sand all too clearly reveals, is being carried off by a huge bird of prey: "George! George! Drop the keys!" Even an auto-da-fé becomes comic when we see a stolid householder reflectively puffing on his pipe as he rakes the autumn leaves on his lawn into a neat pile around the feet of his plump and indignant spouse, bound firmly to a tree. The contrast between the homely, familiar *form* of the situations—autumnal leaf burning, loss of the bathhouse keys, a marital spat—and their ghastly *content* removes them from the range of our experience and leaves us free to laugh.

Addams has, furthermore, a deadly eye for the less attractive aspects of the middle-aged American male and female, and they themselves express emotions appropriate to the banal form of the situations but not to the gruesome content. The placid, ruminative expression of the portly householder raking the leaves to burn up his wife, and her own matronly figure and expression of malignant, impotent indignation—these make the scene funny instead of horrible.

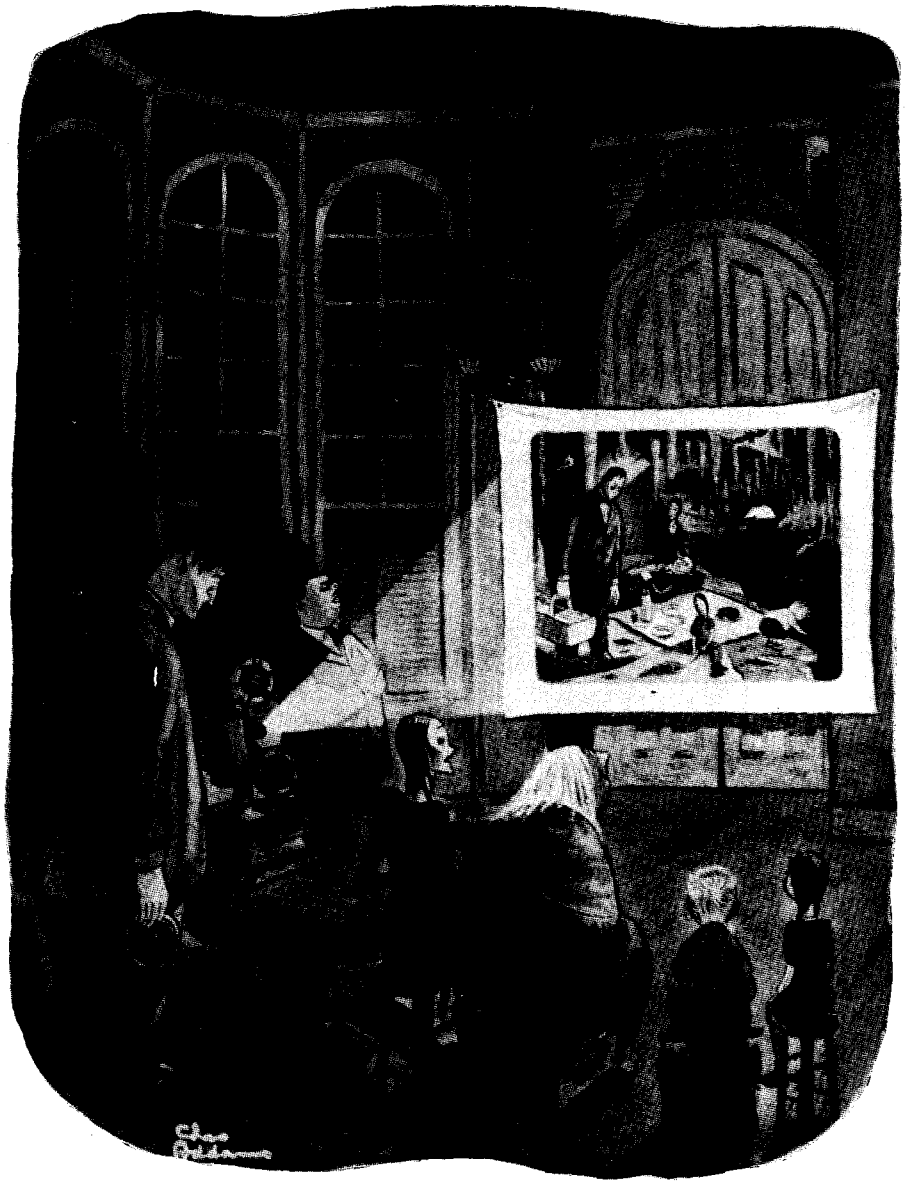
THESE ARE ordinary people doing sinister things in an ordinary way. But Addams has a reverse formula, and it is the one for which he is best known: sinister people doing ordinary things in a sinister way. His Weird Family, his Bad Boy, and his flabby, fungous Moral Monster pursue their evil ends with wholehearted earnestness; they have their code of morality, which happens to be just the reverse of ours.

Living in domestic affection in their cobwebby Victorian haunted house, the gruesome Family happily watch the installation of a picture window with a superb view of a cemetery, put a sign on their gatepost: BEWARE OF THE THING, send over to the neighbors to borrow a cup of cyanide, and entertain the kiddies at bedtime with shadow pictures of a vampire bat. The Bad Boy makes a guillotine from

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his Erector set, pushes a toy school bus onto the tracks in front of his speeding toy train, and, accompanied by his sister, crouches behind a sign that reads WARNING, CHILDREN AT PLAY, with a huge boulder poised to roll in front of an oncoming car. The Moral Monster, seeing a truck approaching on a narrow bend of a mountain road, helpfully signals the car behind him to pass; sitting on a bench in the park, he feeds limp gobbets of flesh to a flock of vultures with the same gentle enjoyment as the gentleman on the next bench no doubt derives from feeding crumbs to the pigeons; surrounded by a weeping audience at a movie, he alone giggles delightedly. Fair is foul and foul is fair as Addams's people hover through the fog and filthy air.

THERE IS one other distinctive Addams formula: the juxtaposition of the remote, archaic past and the brisk, cellophaned present. Hansel and Gretel read a neat inscription on the witch's gingerbread cottage: CONTAINS GLUCOSE, DRY SKIMMED MILK, OIL OF PEPPERMINT. . . . One witch says to another as she empties a box labeled WITCH'S BREW into a kettle teeming with writhing horrors, "It's marvelous! All you do is add water!" The Colonial bellman makes his nightly round: "Ten o'clock and all's well. Yes, sir, and all's well, too, with toothsome, savory, mild Royal George Snuff, made from the finest Old Dominion tobacco leaf."



"It's a lovely spot—so unspoiled."

Addams generally brings a sinister quality even to his use of the familiar cartoonist's device of taking a cliché and giving it a twist, a procedure known in the trade as The Switch. "Oh, I like missionary all right," one cannibal explains to another, "but missionary doesn't like me."

Man or Monster?

Because the public tends to assume a one-to-one correlation between a man and his work, legends have tended to gather around Addams. It is whispered that he produces his cartoons during frequent seclusions in a mental home, or, contrariwise, that his editors watch his work closely and when it becomes too morbid send him off to a sanitarium. Although Addams has occasionally encouraged such myths by answering his mail on a letterhead inscribed "The Gotham Rest Home for Mental Defectives," the fact is he has never been in a booby hatch or even on an analyst's couch.

A tall, ruddy, solidly built man with an imposing nose, Addams is quiet, gentle, and courteous; his friend and colleague Saul Steinberg calls his behavior "aggressively normal." Children take to him immediately, perhaps because of his gentleness, perhaps because his cartoons give them the idea he sympathizes with antisocial urges discouraged by parents and teachers. As Wolcott Gibbs observed when Addams gave a skull to Gibbs's eleven-year-old son because he felt the boy could use it better than he could: "Charlie likes the monster in children. When it's not there, he invents it."

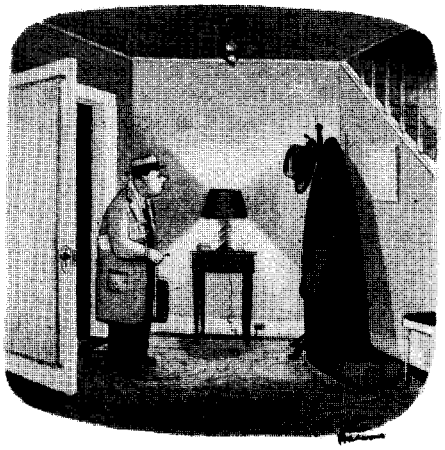
Addams likes to drink, to be in the company of pretty women, to dress well, to own and drive fast cars, and otherwise to divert himself in ways generally considered normal. He divides his time between an apartment in Manhattan and a house in Westhampton, Long Island. As his vogue and income have increased, his consumption has become correspondingly more conspicuous. Thus right after the war, when Addams's popularity was just beginning to burgeon, he got around in a Buick sedan. This was shortly replaced by the first of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a series of sports cars, the most dramatic of which was a Mercedes-Benz with an interminable hood out of which exhaust pipes snaked like entrails; his present mount is an iridescent Aston Martin. He is a member of the Sports Car Club of America and sometimes enters the Club's races suitably helmeted and goggled.

ON THE OTHER HAND, it won't do to exaggerate the point: Addams is hardly conventional by Park Avenue or even *New Yorker* standards. "He is a polite man, but not a conformist," Steinberg has said, and there *is* a connection between his own tastes and his cartoons. A full suit of armor stands in the living room of his apartment. Fifteen crossbows line the walls; he picks them up in antique shops at two hundred to four hundred dollars apiece and believes that he has the biggest private collection —eighteen in all—in the country. His house at Westhampton, while it in no way resembles the haunted houses of the cartoons, does have a living room, formerly used to house carriages, that is forty-five feet long and three stories high with clerestory windows and a large executioner's ax over the fireplace, the whole giving the effect of a medieval wassail hall. His home furnishings have included a minature guillotine, a stuffed bear, a colored papier-mâché anatomical model of a man whose skin has been removed for greater visibility, and a child's tombstone he picked up from a monument maker. ("It's all right," he explains to his guests. "It wasn't attached to anybody.")

Addams's interest in Addams-like houses is personal as well as professional. He seeks them out on trips, collects photographs of them, and has given much thought to the subject. He finds a gloomily fantastic exuberance in Victorian architecture. "But the most sinister place of all," he once remarked, "is a modernistic house that is going to pieces. It has a strange mausoleum quality, especially in the moonlight, all that blank dead-white cement with cracks running across it, those rusted iron pipes and huge glittering dead windows." He is also fond of visiting insane asylums and snake farms. As noted



above, it won't do to exaggerate the distance between Addams and his work.

Family Life

Charles Samuel Addams, an only child, was born in Westfield, New Jersey, in 1912. He thinks the extra "d" was put in his name by an eighteenth-century ancestor named Robert Adams, a Pennsylvania settler who wanted to avoid confusion with a neighbor also named Robert Adams; the other celebrated two-"d" Addams, Jane, was a second cousin of the cartoonist's father. The father was New York City wholesale manager for the Aeolian piano company, a calling he took up after trying in vain to make a decent living as a ship designer. "Father drew well himself," Addams has recalled, "though his style, like most architects', was rather dry and sparse. He encouraged me to draw. But Mother always wanted me to get a regular job. I was making a lot in cartooning by the time she died, but she never thought it was actual money." His education was spotty: grammar and high school in Westfield, a year at Colgate, a year studying fine arts at the University of Pennsylvania, a year at the Grand Central Art School in New York, and—what he considers his most valuable art education—almost two years (1932-1933) in the art department of Macfadden Publications, where he embellished a long line of crime, mystery, sex, and adventure pulps. He had mixed feelings about one of his chores: retouching photos of murder victims to make them less harrowing. "Some of those corpses were kind of interesting the way they were," he says.

Cartooning had always been Addams's main interest ever since he drew for the Westfield school paper, and when he began to sell enough work to *Collier's,* the old *Life,* and other magazines to average fifty dollars a week, he disappointed his mother by throwing up his steady job with Macfadden and turning free lance.

HIS FIRST *New Yorker* cartoon, in the February 4, 1933, issue, showed a hockey player shivering on the ice in his stocking feet and explaining to solicitous teammates: "I forgot my skates." Despite this inauspicious beginning, Addams managed to sell two more cartoons to the *New Yorker* that year, three in 1934, and a dozen in 1935. By 1936, his work was appearing in every second or third issue—as it has been ever since.

He soon developed his distinctive style and themes. After a few line drawings, he began to use almost exclusively that dark-gray wash which admirably suits his somber fantasy.

The first cartoon that is immediately recognizable as an Addams appeared in April, 1935: A museum night watchman finds two bottles of milk and the morning paper outside the door of an Egyptian tomb. By 1936, Addams was concentrating almost exclusively on ghosts, witches, mediums, cannibals, freaks, monsters, vultures, suicides, and murderers.

The Addams Family began to materialize in 1938: A dapper vacuum-cleaner salesman is making his pitch in the cobwebby Addams House to the Young Witch and the Sinister Butler, while a furtive creature with a pointed nose, who may be called Cousin Willie, peers down through the moldering banisters. The second Family cartoon did not appear for more than a year. Again, it was just the Witch, the Butler, and Cousin Willie, but this one established the canon: The first Butler was a bearded pirate, but now *the* Butler arrives, a square-headed, misshapen monster out of Boris Karloff by Frankenstein; the Witch has achieved a decent degree of emaciation, and her hair, sleekly coiffed in the first drawing, is now properly dank.

In 1941 the Leering Grandmother made her debut, and in the fall of

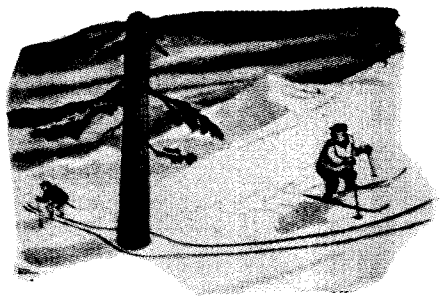
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1942 Addams gave the Witch a husband or at least a paramour (he says he can't bear to think of them as married): a wide-headed, gap-toothed, pug-nosed degenerate who is shown dreaming by the cold family fireside with his arm affectionately around the Witch. "Are you unhappy, darling?" he asks. "Oh yes, yes! Completely," she replies with a wan smile. It was not until 1944 that the Family circle was completed, with the Bad Boy and the Morbid Little Girl—though the Boy, in various preliminary guises that finally evolved into the brutal, stocky, bristle-haired little fiend with which we are familiar, had been appearing by himself for several years. In 1947, we got a glimpse of Uncle Eimar, or rather of his hand grasping the heavily barred peephole of a door in the attic: "We've had part of this floor finished off for Uncle Eimar," the Witch explains to a visitor.

The last major Addams character to make his entrance (in 1944) was the flabby, fungoid Moral Monster. A solitary bachelor of furtively unspeakable habits, he appears only by himself, apparently being too depraved for family life, even in the Addams sense.

THE ADVENT of the Husband-Paramour may or may not have been prophetic. At any rate, it coincided with the cartoonist's meeting, in his home town of Westfield, New Jersey, a girl named Barbara Day who looked remarkably like the Witch-Wife he had been drawing for five years. Addams married Miss Day in the spring of 1943, a few months after he had been drafted. (They were divorced last year.) He served three years in the Army, mostly in a Signal Corps detachment in Astoria, Queens, made up of professional artists who animated educational film cartoons for the Army and did other odd jobs; Addams illustrated a manual instructing the troops in the art of barbershop harmony. In the Army Addams became a close friend of another young soldier-artist, the late Sam Cobean, who improved his time by producing a daily cartoon depicting himself and Addams, whose majestic nose fascinated him, in a series of improbable and mostly unpublishable situations.

Addams's three years in the Army were the most productive in his career. Stimulated by the tedium of military life and the fear of losing his identity and his place in the civilian world, he drew furiously and became, so to speak, a family man. Only eighteen of the 130 cartoons in his first book, *Drawn and Quartered* (1942), have domestic themes; four of the Family, two of Bad Kids, twelve of Marriage. *Addams and Evil* (1947) has thirty-one domestic vignettes, al-



most all of the Family and the Kids, while fifty-one of the cartoons, well over half, in *Monster Rally* (1950) are on domestic themes.

ALTHOUGH most of Addams's copious mail consists of suggestions for cartoons, his fans wanting to take part in his work as well as admire it, they are rarely helpful, usually because in their enthusiasm the writers have trespassed beyond the humorous into the just plain gruesome: "Show a 'hung' jury" . . . "A child in a toy store holding a machine gun and all the employees are dead" . . . "Have your bad boy fill his water pistol with sulphuric acid" . . . "a subway door filed to a shining knife-edge; the conductor, of course, would be the bloated, leering fellow you draw so often." Some ideas are sent in again and again: bath towels marked "His," "Hers," and "Its"; apes or ghosts making a product labeled "Untouched by Human Hands"; a hearse going through a parkway tollgate with a shrouded arm reaching out to pay the dime.

Sometimes Addams himself goes over the line, at least in his editors' opinion. One rough rejected as *too* rough—it was actually drawn by a colleague as a burlesque—showed a father receiving his baby from a hospital nurse with the remark, "Don't wrap it, I'll eat it here."

Das Ist ein Scherz, Sohn

The most popular single cartoon Addams ever produced is not a "horror" cartoon at all. It appeared early in 1940 and shows one skier looking with amazement at another who has just passed a tree leaving tracks that separate to go on each side of the tree.

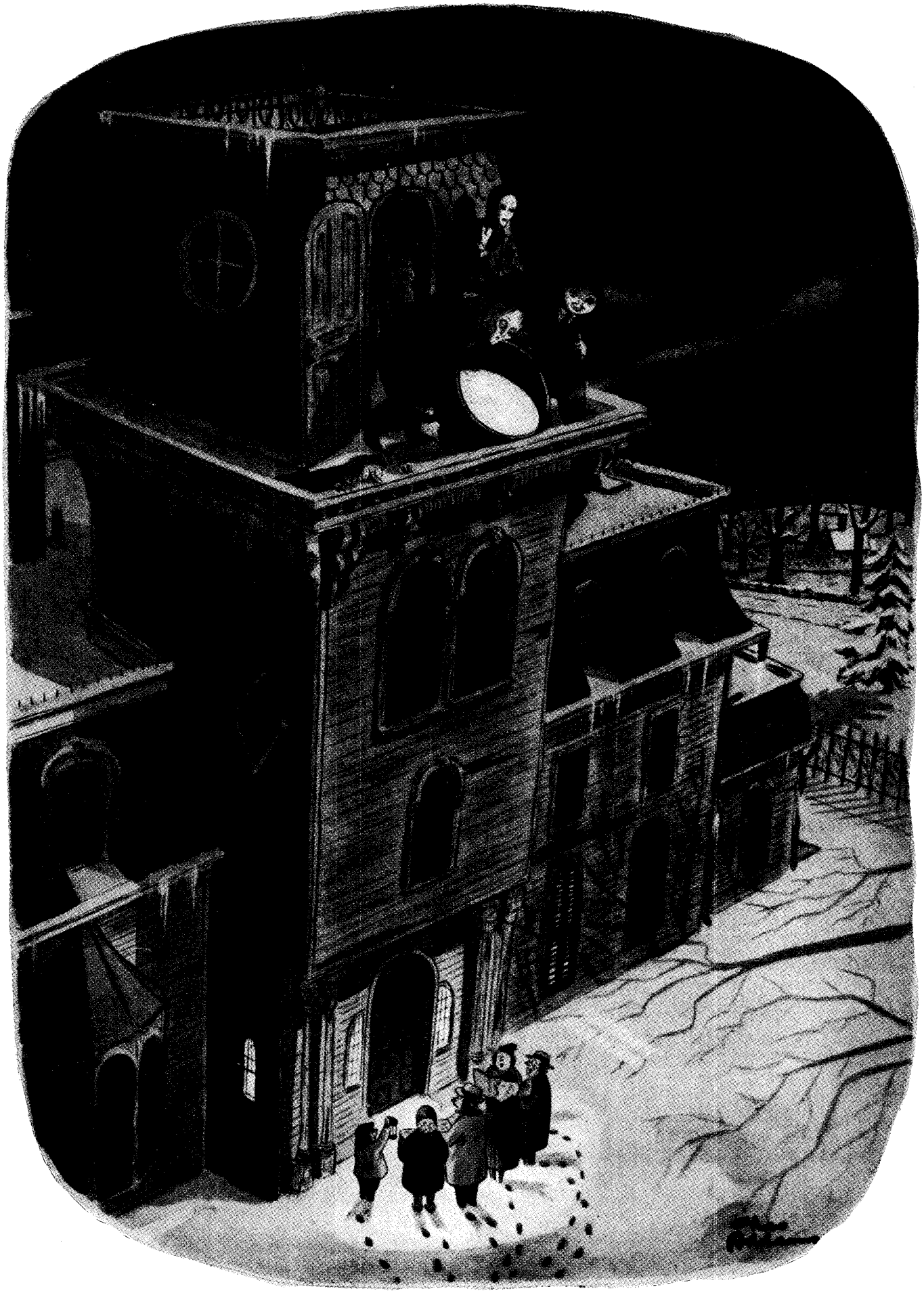
There are at least two sizable groups of people who don't see anything funny in the ski cartoon. A psychiatrist at an Illinois home for the feeble-minded asked her charges whether they saw anything absurd about the picture. Those with a mental age of ten or more saw that the tracks could not in fact have been made by the skier, while those under that level saw nothing wrong. No inmate, of any age level, saw anything funny.

Neither did the logical Germans when *Heute,* a German-language magazine put out by the Americans in the first year of the occupation, reprinted the cartoon. Hundreds of readers wrote letters like: "I don't see how this is possible. Please print the answer to this puzzle." Others supplied answers: two one-legged skiers; the skier went down on one ski on one side of the tree, returned and went down on the other ski on the other side; the skier slipped a foot out of one ski's harness just before reaching the tree; etcetera. There was, it must be said, a reader in Nuremberg who advanced the hypothesis that it was some sort of joke and went on to develop a general theory of humor.

SMALL WONDER the Germans missed the point, since the ski cartoon, like much of Addams's work, is very much in the American grain, a lineal descendant of the tall tales of the frontier told by deadpan liars. Exaggeration seems to flourish in the American climate, and the impossible appeals to us as the essence of the comic.

In this sense, Addams's depiction of the prosaic in bizarre terms and of the bizarre in prosaic terms is in the line of the Paul Bunyan stories. Perhaps only an American humorist, with an American's knack for shifting gears between the real and the fantastic, could so consistently extract comedy from the macabre.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

6.....

7.....

How Much Do You and Your Family Know About Art?

TEST YOURSELF: Can you identify the painters of these famous masterpieces?

Here is a simple and successful way—particularly for families with children—to obtain a well-rounded education in the history of art under the guidance of

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

MANY persons, cultivated in every other direction—literature, music, world affairs—have only a smattering of information about art. The reason is obvious: the world's precious masterpieces repose in museums throughout Europe and America, unseen, even unknown, by all but the few who seek them out.

The revolutionary idea of The Metropolitan Museum of Art is to bring the art treasures of the world directly into the homes of cultivated people everywhere, so that they—and their children—may experience the pleasure and the lift of spirit which come with seeing and understanding beautiful works of art.

Once a month the Museum prepares a set of exquisite Miniatures *in full color*. Each set deals with a different artist or school and contains 24 fine Miniatures (of the size shown at right) and a 32-page Album, in which the artists and their works are discussed, and in which the prints *can be affixed* in given spaces. Eventually, the most interesting and representative work of every period, school and great painter, from leading museums here and abroad, will be included. In effect, as it proceeds, the project will be an informal but comprehensive course, in both the history and appreciation of art, for persons of all ages.

BEGIN WITH THE SET BELOW—YOU MAY CANCEL AT ANY TIME

To acquaint yourself visually with the project, we suggest you begin with the Michelangelo set and subscribe for a few months at least. *You have the privilege of canceling at once—or at any time you wish.* Forthcoming sets will present the works of Gauguin, Titian and Giotto. With your first Album, and with every sixth thereafter, you will receive a handsome Portfolio in which the Albums may be kept for constant reference and enjoyment. The price for each set is $1.25, including the Album.

ALL MINIATURES ARE OF THIS SIZE IN *full-color*

HEAD OF GOD, MICHELANGELO

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson St., N. Y. 14, N. Y. 8-7

Please begin my subscription to *The Metropolitan Museum of Art Miniatures* with the set of 24 Miniatures of works by MICHELANGELO, with Album (price, $1.25), and send me subsequent sets when issued. I understand that they are now being prepared by *The Metropolitan Museum of Art* so that I will receive two sets of Miniatures every other month. The set that has been prepared to accompany MICHELANGELO is FIGURE PAINTING BY RENOIR (price, $1.25, with Album) and it will be sent to me with the MICHELANGELO Miniatures. At the same time I will receive, free, a handsome Portfolio in which to keep six Albums. Additional Portfolios will be sent, also without charge, as they are needed during the period of my subscription.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT I MAY CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION WHENEVER I WISH

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* ____ *State* _____

DO NOT ENCLOSE MONEY • A BILL WILL BE SENT M17

POSTAGE AND HANDLING CHARGE, WHICH WILL NOT EXCEED 10¢ PER SERIES, WILL BE ADDED

AS A DEMONSTRATION . . . SEND FOR 24 MINIATURES OF THE MOST FAMOUS WORKS OF

Michelangelo

REPRODUCED IN FULL COLOR BY

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Price for the full set of 24 Miniatures, including a 32-page Album containing explanatory notes about the artist and his work $1.25

PLEASE NOTE: Since The Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club, of New York, act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All matters having to do with distribution are handled by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

ANSWERS: 1. *Van Gogh* 2. *Sir Thomas Lawrence* 3. *Rembrandt* 4. *Leonardo* 5. *Goya* 6. *Gainsborough* 7. *Renoir*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED